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Magna Charta Island.



TRADITION has hallowed this islet as the spot where King John, in 1215, was compelled to sign *Magna Charta* and *Charta de Foresta*; which event has been nobly told by Thomson:

"The barons next a noble league began;
Both those of English and of Norman race
In one fraternal nation blended now,
The nation of the free' press'd by a band
Of patriots, ardent as the summer's noon
That looks delighted on. The tyrant see!
Mark how with feign'd alacrity he bears
His strong reluctance down, his dark revenge,
And gives the charter, by which life indeed
Becomes of price, a glory to be man."

Runnymede, a plain on the banks of the Thames has been celebrated as the place of signature of the Charter. Sir James Mackintosh, in his recently published History of England, after describing the position of King John and the Barons—nearly equal to what in modern language would be called the nobility and gentry—says, "A safe conduct was granted by John at Merton, on the 8th of June, to the deputies of the barons, who were to meet him at Staines; and, two days afterwards, he being at Windsor, agreed to a prolongation of the truce to Trinity Monday." On that day,

the 15th of June, both parties advanced to a plain called Runnymede, on the banks of the Thames, where they encamped apart from each other, like declared enemies, and opened conferences, which were not concluded till Friday, the 19th of June, 1215. The preliminaries being agreed upon, the barons presented heads of their grievances, and of the means of redress,† in the nature of the bills now offered by both houses for the royal assent, except that the king, instead of a simple assent, directed, according to a custom which prevailed long after, that the articles should be reduced to the form of a charter; in which state he issued it as a royal grant, with all the formalities and solemnities which in that age attended the promulgation of fundamental laws. Copies were forthwith despatched to the counties and dioceses of the kingdom."

These details may be sufficiently minute for historical record. The precise topography of the district, however, remains to be stated, viz. that John's consent was extorted at Runnymede, whereas "the charters were actually signed, as tra-

* Rymer, i. 129.

† Articuli Magnæ Chartæ. Rymer, i. 129.

ditionally reported, in an island between Runnymede and Ankerwyke House.— This island, still called *Charter Island*, is in the parish of Wrybury, in Bucks.* Mr. Hakewill, likewise, in his *Views round Windsor*, thus denotes the spot: "Near Runnymede, on the river, is Magna Charta Island, the temporary and fortified residence of the barons, to which they retired from the pressure of the surrounding multitude assembled on Runnymede, that they might better obtain King John's signature, confirming Magna Charta: it is now nearly covered with willows, that shade the hut of the fisherman."†

The "Island" derives some additional poetic interest from its being included in the fascinating prospect from "Cooper's Hill," and consequently part of the scenery of Denham's poem of that name; the first specimen, "at least amongst us, of a species of composition that may be denominated *local poetry*, of which the fundamental subject is some particular landscape, to be poetically described, with the addition of such embellishments as may be supplied by historical retrospection, or incidental meditation."‡ Perhaps there are few finer embellishments than this island-cradle of liberty has kindled in the warm fancy of the poet. One of these tributes has been furnished by Akenside, designed as an

INSCRIPTION FOR A COLUMN AT RUNNYMEDE.

Thou, who the verdant plain dost traverse here,
While *Thames*, among his willows, from thy trees

Retires—O stranger! stay thee, and the scene
Around contemplate well. This is the place
Where ENGLAND'S *Barons*, clad in arms,
And stern with conquest, from their tyrant King
(Then render'd tame) did challenge and secure
The *Charter* of thy FREEDOM! Pass not on
Till thou has blest their memory, and paid
Those thanks which God appointed, the reward
Of public virtue. And, if chance thy home
Salute thee with a *father's* honour'd name,
Go, call thy sons, instruct them what a debt
They owe their ANCESTORS; and make them
swear

To pay it, by transmitting down entire
Those sacred rights to which themselves were
BORN.

The prospect, and the whole of the vicinity is described with much graphic beauty in a paper in the Third Series of the *London Magazine*, we believe from the pen of Mr. Charles Knight. "From an elevation of several hundred feet," observes the writer, "you look down upon a narrow fertile valley, through which the *Thames* winds with surpassing loveliness. Immediately at your feet is the plain of Runnymede, where the great battle between John and the Ba-

rons was fought; and in the centre of the river is the little fishing-island, where tradition says that Magna Charta was signed. At the extremity of the valley is Windsor Castle, rising up in all the pomp of its massive towers."†

Egham annual horse-races are now held on Runnymede; so that these sports being considered relics of chivalry, are not altogether unassociated with the olden glories of the spot.

Of contemporaneous interest with Runnymede is the mention of Holms Castle, built by the earls Warren, at Reigate, in Surrey; under which Camden says he saw an extraordinary passage, with a vaulted room, hewn with great labour out of the sandy stone of which the hills about the town are composed. Here, we are told, the barons who took up arms against King John had their private meetings, and especially the evening before the celebrated congress at Runnymede. A gate, with round towers, still remains; and it seems but a few years since we played urchin games about their niches and loop-holes. The recollection enables us to sigh forth with Gray:

Ab! happy hills, ah pleasing shade!

Ah! fields below in vain,

Where once my careless childhood stray'd,

A stranger yet to pain.

—A year or two passed away, and we began to view these ruins with the eye of an embryo antiquarian, and the fearful times with which they were associated as matter of grave history. Yet the antique glory of the spot where the old barons raised their patriotic resistance is well nigh forgotten. Reigate is a rotten borough; and its Castle is seldom seen but as the arms of the town bank-notes.—*Sic transit gloria mundi!*

DRUIDICAL SUPERSTITION.

(For the Mirror.)

OBSERVING in your number, 462, under the head of "English Superstitions," that you have alluded to the circle of stones at Rollrich, or Rollwright, on the borders of Oxfordshire and Warwickshire, and quoted a proverbial distich used by the peasantry in that neighbourhood; I have imagined that the popular "superstitions" history concerning these fearful stones, as I have frequently heard it recited, may be amusing to such of your readers as are not apt to credit the tales of ghosts walking down Long Compton Hill, every night, with their heads under their left arms. But it is

* The Ambulator, 12th edit. 1820.

† Johnson's Poets, Denham, vol. i.

‡ This graceful paper will be found, though somewhat atridged, in vol. xii. of *The Mirror*.

necessary to premise that the history is quite unauthenticated in respect of names and era. For such unnecessary information I was always referred to the "old people," and whenever I made inquiries of an elderly person, the reply was invariably—"I do not know, but my father, if he was alive, could tell ye all about it." The narration commences with "Once upon a time."

Once upon a time, a certain foreign king wandered, and wandered, attended by his court, and guards, in search of Long Compton, because if he could once see it, he should by some fatality become King of England. Just in descending from the brow of the hill, under which the town lies snugly nestled, he met an old woman, and inquired for the desired place, adding—

"If Long Compton I could see,
The King of England I should be."

Now this personage to whom his majesty had addressed himself, was a witch or a sorceress, who in the triumph of a loyal and patriotic ardour, such as still animates all true Britons, replied—

"Rise up hill, and stand still stone
For King of England thou'lt be none."

This mandate (*mirabile dictu*) was compulsory, and there stands to this hour, the invader himself in solitude, while his five principal courtiers, also petrified, are at a considerable distance with their heads inclining towards each other, and are thence named the "Whispering Knights." And in another place, about a hundred yards from the royal pillar, his guards are stationed, as stiff and solemn as if really drawn up on parade; but it is remarkable that in variance with modern custom, they are ranged in a circle. By some accident (which I could never clearly comprehend) the witch herself was metamorphosed into an elder tree, well known to the old peasantry for having retained the quality of shedding human blood whenever wounded by the thoughtless or cruel. This tree was demolished about forty years since, but I presume that it was dead by that time.

The stone which represents the king is of a different kind from any of his attendants, being harder, and of a gravel colour, while the others are like the common stone of the surrounding country; and it is equally certain that to a person standing in front of this said royal personification, not a house of Long Compton is visible, but at a single pace distance on either side, the town is to be seen. This critical situation has, no doubt, given rise to the super-

stitious fiction; my affair, however, is not to account for, but simply to relate the popular legend.

It is affirmed of the circle of guards (as of most, if not all other such Druidical remains in Britain,) that they cannot be counted by any possibility; the case only excepted of a baker, who, in ancient times did succeed, but immediately expired. A difficulty certainly exists, for I have myself made the experiment five times, and on the successive occasions found the numbers as follow: 62, 60, 63, 61, 59.* Each time have I noticed one or more pebbles left on each stone of the circle, which I suppose had been laid there by persons using that method of ascertaining the true number.

The whispering knights are much more gigantic than any others, and it is said of them, that if any person conveys away a single particle of their material, he will never again enjoy rest at night until it is restored. This has been proved on several occasions: once by a little boy living at Shipston on Stour, and more remarkably by a farmer at Little Rollwright, who "once upon a time" thought these great stones were useless as they stood, and resolved to bring one away, in order to lay it over a brook to serve as a kind of bridge. He did bring it down the hill by the laborious exertions of twelve powerful horses, during a long day; but in consequence, his rest departed from him, his ears were incessantly annoyed by whisperings and howlings, as of furious demons "haunting his pillow;" and these plagues increased every night, until in a paroxysm of inflamed rage he had the awful stone replaced; to effect which, (*mirabile dictu* again!) two horses were quite sufficient to draw it swiftly up the hill!

When living in that neighbourhood, this was my favourite resort. I have been there at all hours, in sombre moonless night, and in the brilliance of a full moon—at the hours of sunrise, noon, and sunset, enjoying the lovely prospect of a fertile valley winding below me in a tortuous course towards the range of the Cotswold Hills. It is a scene of

* The circle has been originally double, and I believe that the difficulty consists in the uncertainty of determining whether the prostrate masses of stone that are now almost concealed by long grass and moss, are each a separate stone, or merely a broken piece from another; and thus, it frequently happens that the piece which in one circuit you pronounce a distinct stone, is on the next enumeration looked upon as but a fragment of an originally upright stone. Some allowance must also be made for a certain perplexity arising from walking round a circle.

great beauty for an admirer of nature; but though frequently absorbed on this spot, in vast and solemn contemplation on Druidism, and repeating lines from Ossian, yet there is that in my nature which could also find something agreeable in the ignorant legend of the people. I may add that the surrounding fields abound in pieces of crystallized spar (though the Druidical stones are not at all of this nature) and I am told that the numerous rills of clear water which trickle down the hill possess a petrifying quality. This seems probable. On my last visit to this hill I was rambling about the fields in my descent, when, about half way down, I found almost concealed, a large collection of rough stones, all of which had been broken down; and a beautifully pure spring issuing from among them.

I was carrying away a piece of the crystallized spar in my hand, and hurrying homewards, for it was becoming late in the evening, when a person came from his door, in Long Compton, and following me for some distance, begged me, if I valued my night's rest, not to steal any of the whispering stones. Having thanked him for his kind advice, I proceeded onwards, with about a dozen boys at my heels through the town.

EGOMET IPSE.

The Selector; AND LITERARY NOTICES OF NEW WORKS.

HOOD'S COMIC ANNUAL.

HERE are a few scraps, or scenes and characters from Mr. Hood's new volume. The work itself will furnish *bon-bons* for the opening of our 17th volume. Meanwhile, the reader will be pleased to consider the following as a dress rehearsal of Mr. Hood's Pantomime—such as Managers get up for their friends on Christmas Eve:—

DOMESTIC ASIDES;

OR, TRUTH IN PARENTHESIS.

"I REALLY take it very kind,
This visit, Mrs. Skinner:
I have not seen you such an age—
(The wretch is come to dinner.)

"Your daughters, too, what loves of girls—
What heads for painters' easels:
Come here and kiss the infant, dears—
(And give it p r n p s the measles.)

"Your charming boys I see are home
From Reverend Mr. Russell's:
'Twas very kind to bring them both—
(What boots for my new Brussels.)

"What, little Clara left at home!
Well now I call that shabby:
I should have loved to kiss her so—
(A flabby, dabby, babbly.)

"And Mr. S, I hope he's well,
Ah! though he lives so handy,
He never now drops in to sup—
(The better for our brandy.)

"Come, take a seat—I long to hear
About Matilda's marriage:
You're come, of course, to spend the day—
(Thank Heav'n I hear the carriage.)

"What! must you go? next time I hope
You'll give me longer measure;
Nay—I shall see you down the stairs—
(With most uncommon pleasure.)

"Good bye—good bye! remember all,
Next time you'll take your dinners.
(Now, David, mind I'm not at home
In future to the Skinners.')

"A BLOW UP."

A GENTLEMAN is in the habit of occasionally blowing up one of his powder magazines, just as any publisher might explode a New Monthly, merely for the purpose of advertising the commodity. The following effects of a blast are rarely told:—

THE dunniest heard it—poor old Mr. F.
Doubted for once if he was ever deaf;
Through Tunbridge town it caused most strange
alarms,

Mr. and Mrs. Fogg,
Who lived like cat and dog,
Were shocked for once into each other's arms.
Miss M. the milliner, her fright so strong,
Made a great gobble-stitch six inches long;
The veriest quakers quaked against their wish;
The "Best of Sons" was taken unawares,
And kick'd the "Best of Parents" down the stairs:

The steadiest servant dropped the China dish;
A thousand started, though there was but one
Fated to win, and that was Mister Dunn,
Who struck convulsively, and booked a fish.

Miss Wiggins, with some grass upon her fork,
Took'd it just like a hay-maker at work;
Her sister not in any better case,

For taking wine,
With nervous Mr. Pyne,
He jerked his glass of sherry in her face,
Poor Mistress Davy,
Bob'd off her bran-new turban in the gravy;
While Mr. Davy, at the lower end,
Preparing for a Goose a carver's labour,
Darted his two pronged weapon in his neighbour,
As if for once he meant to help a friend.

The nurse-maid telling little "Jack-a-Norey,"
"Ba-peep," and "Blue-cap" at the house's top,
Scream'd, and let Master Jeremiah drop

From a fourth story:—
Nor yet did matters any better go
With Cook and Housemaid in the realms below;
As for the Laundress, timid Martha Gunning,
Expressing faintness and her fear by fits
And starts—she came at last but to her wits,
By falling in the ale that John left running.

Grave Mr. Miles, the meekest of mankind,
Struck all at once, deaf, stupid, dumb, and blind,
Sat in his chaise some moments like a corse—

Then, coming to his mind
Was shocked to find,
Only a pair of shafts without a horse.
Out scrambled all the Misses from Miss Joy's,
From Prospect House— for urchins small and big,
Hearing the awful noise,

Out rushed a flood of boys,
Flooting a man in black, without a wig:—
Some carried out one treasure, some another—
Some caught their tops and taws up in a hurry,
Some saved Chambaud, some rescued Lindley
Murray—

But little Tiddy carried his big brother.

* Athenaeum, Dec. 18.

PARISH REVOLUTION.

"Alarming news from the country—awful insurrection at Stoke Pogis—the military called out—flight of the Mayor."

"We are concerned to state, that accounts were received in town, at a late hour last night, of an alarming state of things at Stoke Pogis. Nothing private is yet made public; but report speaks of very serious occurrences. The number of killed is not known, as no despatches have been received.

"Further Particulars."

"Nothing is known yet; papers have been received down to the 4th of November, but they are not up to any thing."

Then we have *"Another account"*—*"From another quarter"*—*"A later account"*—*"Fresh intelligence,"* &c. &c. &c.; from which we take a few of the various particulars.

"From another quarter."

"We are all here in the greatest alarm! a general rising of the inhabitants took place this morning, and they have continued in a disturbed state ever since. Every body is in a bustle, and indicating some popular movement. Seditious cries are heard! the bellman is going his rounds, and on repeating 'God save the King!' is saluted with 'hang the crier!' Organised bands of boys are going about collecting sticks, &c.—whether for barricades or bonfires, is not known; many of them singing the famous Gunpowder hymn, 'Pray remember,' &c. These are features that remind us of the most inflammable times. Several strangers of suspicious gentility arrived here last night, and privately engaged a barn; they are now busily distributing handbills amongst the crowd:—surely some horrible tragedy is in preparation!

"Eleven o'clock."

"The mob have proceeded to outrage—the poor poor-house has not a whole pane of glass in its whole frame! The magistrates, with Mr. Higginbottom at their head, have agreed to call out the military; and he has sent word that he will come as soon as he has put on his uniform. A terrific column of little boys has just run down the High-street—it is said, to see a fight at the Green Dragon. There is an immense crowd in the market-place. Some of the leading shopkeepers have had a conference with the mayor, and the people are now being informed, by a placard, of the result. Gracious heaven! how opposite is it to the hopes of all moderate men—

'The mare is obstinate—he is at the Roes and Crown—but refuses to treat.'

"Half-past Three."

"The check sustained by the mob proves to have been a reverse; the constables are the sufferers. The cage is chopped to fagots, we haven't a pound, and the stocks are rapidly falling. Mr. Wigsby has gone again to the mayor with overtures; the people demand the release of Dobbs and Gubbins, and the demolition of the stocks, the pound, and the cage. As these are already destroyed, and Gubbins and Dobbs are at large, it is confidently hoped by all moderate men that his worship will accede to the terms.

"Four o'clock."

"The mayor has rejected the terms. It is confidently affirmed that, after this decision, he secretly ordered a post-chaise, and has set off with a pair of post-horses as fast as they can't gallop. A meeting of the principal tradesmen has taken place, and the butcher, the baker, the grocer, the cheesemonger, and the publican, have agreed to compose a provisional government. In the mean time the mob are loud in their joy—they are letting off squibs, and crackers, and rockets, and devils, in all directions, and quiet is completely restored."

Then comes, to crown the whole, *"The Narrative."*

"The Narrative of a High Whitness who seed every Think proceed out of a Back-winder up Fore Pears to Mrs. Humphris."

"O Mrs. Humphris! Littel did I Dram, at my Tim of Life, to see Wat is before me. The hole Parrish is Throne into a pannikin! The Revelations has reeched Stock Poggis—and the people is riz ngin the Kings rain, and all the pours that be. All this Blessed Mourning Mrs. Griggs and Me as bean siting abscondedly at the tiptop of the Howse crying for lowness. We have lockd our too selves in the back Attical Rome, and nothing can come up to our Hanksiety. Some say it is like the French Plot—sum say sum thing moor arter the Dutch Patten is on the car-pit, and if so we shall Be flored like Brussels. Well, I never did like them Brown Holland brum gals! Our Winder overlooks all the High Street, xcept jest ware Mister Higgins juts out Behind. What a prospectus!—All riotism and hubbub—There is a lowd speechifying round the Gabble end of the Hows. The Mare is arranging the

Populous from one of his own long winders.—Poor Man!—for all his fine goold Cheer, who wood Sit in his shews! I hobserve Mr. Tuder's bauld Hed uncommon hactiv in the Mobb, and so is Mr. Wagstaff the Constable, considering his rummatiz has onely left one Harm disaffected to shew his loyalness with. He and his men are staving the mobbs Heds to make them Suppurate. They are trying to Custardise the Ring-leaders But as yet hav Captivated Noddody. There is no end to accidence. Three unsensible boddis are Carrion over the way on Three Cheers, but weather Neabers or Gyes, is dubious. Master Gollop too, is jest gon By on one of his Ants Shuters, with a Bunch of exploded Squibs gone off in his Trowsirs. It makes Mrs. G. and Me tremble like Axle-trees, for our Hone nevvies. Wile we ware at the open Winder they sliped out. With sich Broils in the Street who knows what Scraps they may git into. Mister J. is gon off with his muskitry to militate agin the mob; and I fear without anny Sand Witches in his Cartrich Box. Mrs. Griggs is in the Sam state of Singularity as meself. Onely think Mrs. H. of too Loan Wiming looken Down on such a Heifervescence, and as Hignorant as the unbogoted Babe of the state of our Husbandry! To add to our Convexity, the Butcher has not Bean. No moor as the Backer and We shold here Nothing if Mister Higgins hadn't holloed up Fore Storys. What news he brakes! That wickid Wigsby as refused to Reed the Riot Ax, and the Town Clark is no Scollard! Isn't that a bad Herring! O Mrs. Humphris! It is unpossible to throe ones hies from one End of Stock Poggis to the other, without grate Pane. Nothing is seed but Wiws asking for Huzbands—nothing is herd but childerin lookin for Farthers. Mr. Hatband the Undertaker as jist bean squibed and obligated for safeness to inter his own Hows. Mister Higgins blames the unflexible Stubbleness of the Mare, and says a littel timely Concussion wood have bean of Preventive Servis. Haven nose! For my Part I don't believe all the Concussion on Hearth wood hav prevented the Regolater bein scarified by a Squib and runnin agin the Rockit—or that it could unshatter Poor Master Gollop, or squentch Wider Welshis rix of Haze witch is now Flammng and smocking in two volumes. The ingins as been, but cold not Play for want of Pips, witch is too often the Case with Parrish inginuity. Wile affairs are in these fritleful Posture, thank

Haven I have one grate comfit. Mr. J. is cum back on his legs from Twelve to won tired in the extreams with Being a Standing Army, and his Uniformity spatterdashed all over. He says his own saving was onely thro leaving His retrenchments. Poor Mr. Griggs has cum In after his Wif in a state of grate exaggeration. He says the Boys hav maid a Bone Fire of his garden fence and Pales upon Pales cant put it out. Severil Shells of a bombastic nater as been picked up in his Back Yard and the old Cro's nest as bean Perpetrated rite thro by a Rockit. We hav sent out the Def Shopmun to here wat he can and he says their is so Manny Crackers going he dont no witch report to Belive, but the Fishmongers has Cotched and with all his Stock compleatly Guttid. The Brazers next Dore is lickwise in Hashes,—but it is hopped he has assurance enuf to cover him All over.—They say nothink can save the Dwellins adjourning. O Mrs. H. how greatful ought J and I to bee that our hone Premiss and property is next to nothing! The effex of the lit on Bildings is marvulous. The Turrit of St. Magnum Bonum is quit clear and you can tell wat Time it is by the Clock verry planely only it stands. The noise is enuf to Drive won deleterious! Two Specious Conestabbles is persewing littel Tid-mash down the Hi Street and Sho grate fermness, but I tremble for the Pelisse. Peple drops in with New News every Momentum. Sum say All is Lost—and the town Crier is missin. Mrs. Griggs is quite retched at herein five littel Boys is throwd off a spirituous Cob among the Catherend Weals. But I hope it wants cobbobboration. Another Yuth its sed has had his hies Blasted by sum blowd Gun Powder. You Mrs. H. are Patrimonial, and may suppose how these flying rummers Upsetts a Mother's Sperrits. O Mrs. Humphris how I envy you that is not tossing on the raging bellows of these Flatulent Times, but living under a Mild Dispotic Govinment in such Sequestrated spots as Lonnon and Paddington. May you never go thro such Transubstantiation as I have bean riting in! Things that stood for Sentries as bean removd in a Minuet—and the verry effigis of wat is venerablest is now burning in Bone Fires. The Worshipfull chaer is empty. The Mare as gon off clandestiny with a pare of Hossis, and without his diner. They say he complanes that his Corperation did not stik to him as it shold have dun But went over to the other Side. Pore Sole—in sich a case I dont wunder he lost his

Stommich. Yisterdy he was at the summat of Pour. Them that hours ago were enjoying parrish officiousness as been turnd out of there Dignittis! Mr. Barber says in futer all the Perukial-Authoritis will be Wigs. Pray let me no wat his Magisty and the Prim Mines-ter think of Stock Poggis's constitution, and believe me conclusively my deer Mrs. Humphris most frendly and trully

BRIDGET JONES."

The Novelist.

THE WINE CASK.—AN INCIDENT OF THE PENINSULAR WAR.

(For the Mirror.)

It was but a poor place:—the mean and dirty room, still smelling of the blood of the slain, had been almost stripped of every article of furniture it might have heretofore contained: a shell had broken in the roof, and the walls and wooden shutters of the miserable chamber were perforated with various shot, and blackened with powder and smoke; yet, to the party of worn soldiers who were to occupy this delectable apartment for the night, a mere semblance of a roof over their wearied heads was acceptable, after the terrible exposures they had undergone, to heavy rains and severe cold, from which the fine country of Spain, is by no means exempt. Having collected a few empty wine-casks of various dimensions, they made for themselves seats of some, broke up others into fire-wood, and laying across a couple of them a door, which they had unhinged from a neighbouring apartment, thus readily provided themselves with a table. "And now, comrades," said Meinheim as he placed upon the board the contents of the ample camp-kettle, "let us make merry: where's the rum? and, Werner, what did you do with our keg of accident?"

"Prithee, man, don't be alarmed about it; 'tis here quite safe; nor am I a Corporal Howitzer, to make myself drunk with the brandy, and then swear that I staved the cask, according to orders! No, no! I understand points of honour better, believe me!" So saying, Werner drew from beneath the arms and baggage, piled in a corner of the room, the keg in question, and down sat the party to a meal any thing but luxurious; yet with appetites which rendered the most coarse and ill dressed food

a dainty, and with all the buoyant *deil-ma-care* spirits, usually appertaining to men of their profession.

"What a cursed country is this!" cried Meinheim to his companions.—"No glass in the windows of the houses, no fire-places, no chimneys! no."

"Nay," rejoined one of the men, "for glass, we've only to cut out the panels of the shutters, and stretch over the apertures some stout paper drenched in oil, of which commodity you will allow there's plenty hereabouts."

"Rather too much," replied Meinheim, "to my thinking; for, upon my soul, we may say of the oil and garlic in this country, what the Frenchman said of the English and their *melted butter*, 'These people have no other sauce.'—Faugh! did ye ever smell any thing in your lives so rank and unchristian-like as their houses and cookery, oil and garlic, oil and garlic, as they are all over?"

"But," continued Herman, the former speaker, "respecting windows, those clever Englishmen have often contrived them as I said, and you've no idea how admirably they answer: they've managed chimneys too; and thanks to that lucky shell, I see we've got an out-let for the smoke of our bright wood-fire to-night. The Spaniard and Portuguese, will, I've a notion, after the campaign is over, thank the Britons for giving them some little idea of English comfort."

"Comfort, indeed!" exclaimed Werner, "that word, I take it, is scarcely to be found in their tongues. In fact, Spain and Portugal, with all their vaunted deliciousness of climate, romantic scenery, and abundant natural produce, are cold, stormy countries, deficient in supplies owing to the neglect of agriculture, and horticulture; mean, dirty, and every way disgusting; and there's nothing good in them that I can discover, save their *accident*, and wine."

"You're right—quite right!" cried one of the party, thumping the board with his fists, in token of extreme satisfaction, and of an evident desire to be heard: "the *wine* is the thing, undoubtedly, which renders either country endurable; spirits, for a mere trifle we may obtain in any land,—not so wine, and here we may drown ourselves in it if we please. Meinheim, why leave we home to-night?"

"Nay," replied the soldier, "but that I imagined it would be no treat, we might have had plenty; wine-stores are hard by; we've only to open yon door, then, through a breach in the

* *Aqua-ardente*: a light kind of spirit, or weak brandy, much admired by soldiers during the Peninsular campaign.

wall, we're into them immediately, and may help ourselves as we list."

"Say you so?" cried a man called Schlegel, "then let us do it immediately."

"With all my heart," answered Meinheim, "but as we shall hardly be able to bring hither one of the huge wine tuns, we must take with us somewhat, our canteens, I suppose, they will hold a fair quantity of Spain's prime grape-juice."

So the canteens were immediately put into requisition, and Meinheim catching up a blazing fagot, in which respect he was followed by others of the party, offered his services as leader on this pleasurable expedition; for this office he was indeed well calculated, having by the chances of war, occupied these quarters, to which his companions were strangers, some weeks before. He now led them through a dark, and narrow passage, of which the heat and bad odour were almost insupportable, for it had no apparent means of ventilation, and at the farther end of it, they perceived by the light of their uncouth and dimly burning torches, a considerable breach in the massy wall inclosing the wine-stores, about which laid the stones and bricks that had been battered down.

"Take care, my lads!" cried Meinheim, giving his torch into unoccupied hands, and beginning slowly and cautiously to descend, "this is not the regular entrance, but it will do for us I dare say; the other is so blocked up, that 'twould pose the cunningest fox to enter thereby, for I fancy the French, the English, and the Spanish had a desperate affray in this place, and, by my troth, it looks as if sad bloody work had been going on, since last I had the felicity of beholding it. Quick, Schlegel, quick—the torch—there, that will do—an officer's sash had entangled my feet, now they are free, and my hands too, so my lads come on! One at a time if you please, and, hold there, Herman, keep yourself steady if you can!"

One by one, the little party descended, stepping upon loose fragments of masonry and casks of all calibres, which were piled, or rather recklessly thrown upon each other, in a style the most disorderly, and in positions the most dangerous and unstable imaginable. An awe, almost approximating to terror, seized the adventurers, when they perceived themselves standing within a vast vaulted chamber or cellar, the far recesses of which were veiled in a darkness impenetrable by the glare of their flaming fagots; a darkness, which pre-

venting the actual extent of the store-chambers from being detected, impressed the imagination with an idea of their vastness perfectly terrific; nor was the scene which presented itself to the eyes of the party within the space illuminated by their broadly blazing torches, at all calculated to diminish any local sensations of alarm. Soldiers are, it is well known, strangely superstitious, notwithstanding that intimate acquaintance with spectacles of mortality, which should seem (theoretically) to have the effect of rendering them far otherwise. Our friends, be it also remembered, were Germans, and therefore no doubt well versed in the legendary lore of their country, which, it must be confessed, leaves the imagination nothing to wish for on the score of horrors; and these circumstances considered, it is no wonder that the hearts of men, who had dared death itself in a thousand hideous guises, should quail a little, or that they should gaze anxiously and timidly into the "palpable obscure" of the black distance, when strewed at their feet, they beheld the sad wrecks of an obstinate, a fierce, and mortal combat; the remnants of arms, armour, spent ammunition, accoutrements, and the horrible, decaying fragments of humanity! The disorder of the butts, possibly indicated that the affray had concerned the possession of their contents, and the insupportably noisome atmosphere of the vaults as certainly hinted that a little search would, to those who undertook it, present spectacles of the most loathsome description.

"This," cried Meinheim, planting himself in front of an immense hog's-head, and rapping upon it with his knuckles, "this, I've no doubt is the tun of which I've heard so much; for 'tis said that the largest cask in these stores contains red wine unequalled in all Spain. Now, if it has not already been let run, I vote that we commence operations upon it immediately."

Meinheim and two or three others, then carefully examining the cask, pronounced it to the satisfaction of all perfectly sound and untapped, and a debate ensued as to the most feasible method of availing themselves of its contents, some proposing to bore the monstrous barrel, filling their canteens with the wine as it ran off, whilst others sensible of the shameful waste attending this mode of procedure, advised that the head of the cask should be knocked out, and the vessels dropped into it.

"That," said Werner, "will be an uncommon trouble; have we nothing

larger than the canteens, two or three replenishings of which would answer a round dozen of these?—Hold, I have it: what say ye, my lads, to our camp-kettle? we can let it down, you know, easily enough, and if 'tis heavy when filled, a stout pull or so, from two or three of us, will do the business."

It was an admirable thought, and forthwith Werner, Schlegel, and Herman were despatched for the kettle, and in case they should be needed, for at least half a dozen canteen-straps. Upon their return they beheld Meinheim mounted upon barrels and peering into the hogshend.

"Faith, comrades," exclaimed he as they approached, "here's a pretty affair! we've been saved the trouble of knocking out or knocking in, may be, the head of our booty, for a large square piece has been sawn from it already. Those cursed cuirassiers or tirailleurs, have been here I'm afraid, and had a taste before us; nay, I'd almost venture a good wager that the dogs have drained this tun dry, as they'd do that of Heidelberg, in five minutes, nobody saying nay. Here my good fellows, Werner, Herman, one of you, hand me something to sound with."

"Throw in a bullet," said one of the men, "heaven knows they're lying here as thick as hail." He handed two or three to Meinheim, who dropping one into the barrel, a splash was heard, which agreeably convinced the party that the great body before them still retained no inconsiderable portion of its spirit. The kettle was immediately, with unimaginable alacrity, hoisted up to the adventurous Meinheim, who was by his comrades unanimously pronounced "the very best fellow in the universe, and worthy to cater at head-quarters for the field-marshal, or captain-general, himself."

"Wheneh!" ejaculated Meinheim, "this will never do; our kettle does not touch the wine, though dropped down to it at the whole length of my arm.—You brought the straps, my good lads, eh?—Well, buckle them together, then I'll fasten them to the handle of our metal punch-bowl, and I warrant we'll soon *draft* this prime liquor into a better company than did those rascally Frenchmen, who stole the better half of it."

Forthwith the straps were united, and attached to the kettle, it was again let down, drawn up brimming full, and as a portion of the "liquid ruby" was distributed to each individual, some praised the dexterity of Meinheim, whilst others pretended to quarrel with

him for his shyness in mentioning the wine-stores, and producing a sample of their excellent contents at supper.

"But, man," cried Schlegel, "you don't drink; or because you can't monopolize the contents of the cask, d'ye scorn to enjoy it with your comrades?"

"I don't," replied the soldier, "at all admire carousing on the leavings of our enemies."

"Psha! false delicacy," shouted Werner, "you are not so squeamish when you drive them from a bivouac, and dine off the very provisions they were dressing for themselves. Come, no nonsense, your share is in this canteen."

"I can't drink red wine," replied Meinheim, "indeed, indeed, I can't, and I'll tell you honestly the reason why, I've taken a huge disgust to it since I heard a Spaniard, a friend of mine, say, that he knew how it was made, and was resolved whilst blood continued to be spilt in his land, never to touch it."

"Well," rejoined Herman, "if that be all, I'm sure I once heard such a story from an English soldier, as should have given me a distaste to the red wines of this country for ever and ever; and I could sing you too the song he wrote about it, if you please. But, what on earth is the use and wisdom of setting yourself against a thing? So, Meinheim, I've the honour of pledging you, and in your own ration too." He drank off his comrade's portion.

"Poh! I think this wine is rather muddy, and has a queer flavour; 'tis certainly not improved in strength and spirit by standing uncovered."

His companions laughed, and agreeing that he was infected with the imaginary prejudices of Meinheim, vowed that the wine was without its equal in the universe, and sent aloft the kettle for another supply. Meinheim lowered it again, but as he strove this time to heave it up, it seemed to have caught in a something, which not only impeded its progress, but called for that manual exertion on his part, which in his present position he was utterly incapable of affording. "Bear a hand here, can't ye?" cried he to his companions, who immediately collecting a few of the smaller empty casks, contrived to mount as high as himself, and by their united strength, succeeded in raising with their kettle, about half way up the tun, the substance in which it had become entangled. Curious to ascertain what this might be, a lighted brand or two, and very inquisitive faces were thrust into the aperture of the cask, and as quickly

withdrawn; when those who had thus gratified their curiosity, with countenances expressive of horror and disgust, hastily descended, seized their canteens, and scrambling up the dangerous ascent to the breach, made their exit from the wine-stores in double quick time. The rest of the party, panic struck, without staying to ascertain the cause of their comrades' terrors, precipitately followed, and the desolate room and half demolished supper, were returned to with at least as much pleasure as they had been quitted.

"No more for me to-night!" cried Werner, "I've had enough in conscience; and what are we to do for our kettle?"

"Fish it up to-morrow, to be sure," said Schlegel, "clean it thoroughly, and bury the man."

"Poor fellow!" exclaimed Meinheim, "he must have lain there some time; the flesh of his face and hands seemed quite sodden, and was dropping from the bones. I wonder whether he had been killed, and thrown into the tun, or whether in trying to get wine as we have done, the weight of his cuirass threw him off his balance, and into the cask? I thank God, for my escape!"

"After this," observed Herman, "I think I shall come round to the opinion, and adopt the resolution of your friend, the Spaniard; and now then for my song, my English song, for I swear by all the saints in the Spanish Calendar, and by our own Martin Luther, who is better than them all, our adventure is precisely the same as that."

"In heaven's name," exclaimed Meinheim, "do then keep your song to yourself; we are already too much disgusted! A fine subject truly is this for a song, that a party of poor soldiers should find, in the very wine they had been drinking, a dead, and a putrid man, and this man too, an enemy! Oh! 'tis enough to drive one mad."

Herman thought otherwise, and in spite of the opposition of his comrades, persisted with the most nasal "ballad-monger" twang, and in the most lugubrious accents imaginable, to troll forth the following stanzas, which he termed:

"SPANISH RED WINE.

"Down with the mighty bowl,
Fill, fill it to the brim,
Then call the thirsty soul,
The draught's for him.

"Up with the flagon, up,
Rich wine hath gurgled in,
But ho! what stays the cup,
We would begin?

"Down with the taper pale,
Light up the tomb-like cask,
Soldiers! the hideous tale
Ye scarce need ask.

"Up with the bowl, blood-red,
Spain's grape-juice well may flow,
—Taste not—the gory dead
Have lent its glow."

"Well, my good fellows, ye that understand English, I mean, what think ye of that for a song? capital, isn't it?" A loud snore was the reply. "Eh? what, confound the knaves, they've all taken to their blankets. So, I suppose the best thing for me to do, is to follow their example."

M. L. B.

* The words of the Song are property.

SPIRIT OF THE Public Journals.

MY FIRST TRAGEDY.

I WILL pass on to that memorable epoch in my life (A.D. 1825, I then being about to enter my twentieth year), when, having completed "*Sanguino*, or the *Blood-stained Murderer*," a tragedy, in five acts, I sent it up to Drury-lane Theatre. [It is proper I should state that I was then residing, as I still am, and ever have been, in my native town, Weepingford.*] Together with my play, I forwarded a note to the manager, requesting "his most immediate attention and very earliest reply." In less than six weeks I received a packet *per* coach. With palpitating heart, I broke the seal. The impress on which was a flourishing T.R.D.L. "My tragedy is accepted," thought I; "and this parcel contains the huge roll of parchment by which, doubtless, authors are invested with the freedom of the theatre." Lo! it was my tragedy itself! A note, of which the following is a copy, accompanied it:

"T. R. D. L.

"SIR,—I am desired by the Managers to thank you for the honour of the preference; but they are of opinion that the performance of your Tragedy, called *Sanguino*, or the *Blood-stained Murderer*, would not serve the interests of this theatre.—I am, sir, &c. &c."

I was neither mortified nor much astonished at this, knowing, as I did, through newspaper report, that the dramatic patronage of that theatre was engrossed by three or four writers of little ability, by whose intrigues superior genius was excluded from even a chance of appearing before the public. I looked

* WEepingford-le-grave, Somersetshire.—A pretty town, 94 miles W. from London, sits on the southern bank of the river Dribble. Population, 7,000. produce Cheshire cheese, Windor soap, Yarmouth herrings, Westphalia hams, &c. Market-days, Tuesdays and Saturdays.—*British Gazetteer*.

carefully through the pages of my manuscript, naturally expecting to find an abundance of marginal notes, pointing out where my play was defective, and by what means it might be improved. Will it be believed? not a pencil-scratch was to be found from one end to the other! "Well," again thought I, "they should not have my play now, were they to offer me a thousand pounds for it; and to put it beyond my power to abate one jot from this resolution—for, doubtless, to-morrow's post will bring me a repenting letter from them—I will send it, by this night's coach, to Covent Garden." I did so; and, along with it, the following letter to the manager:

"Weepingford-le-Grave, —, 1825.

"SIR,—I have to request your immediate perusal of the accompanying play; and since a five-act drama is, in these times, a *rara avis*, and, also, as it must be your desire to convince the world that the dramatic genius of England is not quite extinct (although modesty forbids my saying much about my own production), I make no doubt my request will be complied with. I see but one difficulty in the way of its performance: the *minor* parts, I admit, might be sufficiently well acted by Fawcett, Warde, Bartley, Farren, Miss Chester, Mrs. Chatterley, &c. &c.; but, with the exception of Charles Kemble for Suavilius (the lover), the principal characters can find no adequate representatives in your theatre. Would it not be prudent, therefore, to engage Young and Macready for Tyrantius and Vampyrino? As to my *leading* character, Sanguino, which I wrote expressly for Kean, I am perfectly at my ease; for you will, of course, endeavour to induce him, by a liberal offer, to quit the rival establishment.* The trifling part of Listenia (the confidante), might, perhaps, be entrusted to Mrs. Glover; but Tendrissima? 'Ay, there's the rub!' That part was composed with a view to Miss O'Neill; and I have strong hopes that a perusal of it might induce her to resume, for a time, her professional labours.

"Waiting your earliest reply, and holding myself in readiness to proceed to London at a moment's notice, I have the honour, &c. &c.

"P.S. The character of Hecctoria is so obviously fitted for the display of the sublime powers of Mrs. Siddons, that I do not despair of that unrivalled actress's consent to quit her retirement for the first forty or fifty nights, or so.

* I will not disguise the fact of this suggestion having been prompted by the Demon of Revenge.

2nd P.S. I re-open this, to inquire whether Braham, Miss Stephens, and Miss Paton, are at Covent Garden Theatre. If not, would they engage with you for the solo parts of the funeral dirge in the third act? Pray consider how essential it is that those parts should be well executed."

Fully satisfied that this display of theatrical knowledge would secure to me the most prompt attention of the manager, with extraordinary complacency I awaited his reply.

A few weeks elapsed, and a packet was delivered to me. The seal bore the welcome letters T. R. C. G. "Here is my play," I exclaimed, "sent down for revision, previously to its being put into rehearsal." I opened a small note, which was tucked between the first and second leaves, and read—

"T. R. C. G.

"SIR,—I am desired by the Managers to thank you for the honour of the preference; but they are of opinion that the performance of your Tragedy, called *Sanguino, or the Blood-stained Murderer*, would not serve the interests of this theatre.—I am, sir, &c. &c."

At first, I could hardly credit what I read. My play formally rejected, and not a word added, by way of postscript to the inhumanly civil letter, to thank me for my suggestions respecting the cast, or even in acknowledgment of the theatrical tact which, in that respect, at least, I had displayed! This latter circumstance was easily accounted for: the managers would wait a favourable opportunity for adopting my hints, and then disingenuously appropriate to themselves all the honour and profit accruing from them.† But the wonderful resemblance between this and the letter of rejection from the "rival establishment"—alike to a comma! The momentary hope arising out of this, that I had, by mistake, sent my play a second time to Drury Lane, was dissipated by the differences between the places of date and the writers' names. It was clear to me that, notwithstanding it was obviously to the interest of a theatre to act any play, no matter whence it came, which presented a chance of profitable success;—notwithstanding that by extending the field of competition the managers would, in some degree, be relieved from the extortions of the present monopolists of dramatic literature;—notwith-

† I beg the reader would observe that Mr. Kean has, since this period, actually been engaged at Covent Garden Theatre! I shall draw no severe inference from this circumstance, but content myself with noticing it only as an extraordinary coincidence.

standing the consequence of such relief would be that themselves would share in the profits which, under the present system, are swept into the purses of a knot of pampered and rapacious authors;—notwithstanding all this, I say, it was clear to me that a compact, mutually binding, had been entered into by the Theatres Royal, to reject all dramatic works which did not issue from the brains (*the brains*, save the mark!) of your Mortons, your Kenneys, your Pooles, and your Planchés. With disgust I retired from the struggle, resolved never again to write for the stage.

Fortunately for myself—(may I add, for the public also?)—it happened about this time that our town was honoured by the visit of the eminent man I have alluded to: this was no other than the celebrated Clearmount, who for many years had been the principal tragedian at the Theatre Royal, Haymarket. My first meeting with him was in our public reading-room, the proprietor of which was, also, printer of the Weepingford Herald. A paragraph had that morning appeared, announcing that Mr. Clearmount, the celebrated tragedian, was "rusticating at this place;" and Clearmount's visit to the publisher was for the purpose of expressing his displeasure at its appearance.

"Who *could* have told you this?" inquired the tragedian.

"I found the paragraph in my letter-box, last night, sir; and as I had no reason to doubt its——"

"'Tis very strange! Who *could* have written it?"

"That is more than I can tell sir; but, if you know the report to be untrue, I will contradict it to-morrow."

"Why—aw—no—. The—aw—the fact is, I—I am Mr. Clearmount."—[Here I started with astonishment, delight, and admiration. It was the first time I had ever seen so celebrated an actor off the stage.]—"But," he continued, "'tis very odd; I arrived but yesterday afternoon, and as I came here merely to recruit, after my professional labours, I intended to be strictly *incog*. Who *could* have——! 'Tis very annoying; I hate to be followed about the streets by crowds of curious people. However, 'tis one of the penalties we public characters must pay to—. Aw, have you any theatre in this town of yours?"

"Yes, sir; and as we are now in the height of our season, I hope—" An intelligible smirk, accompanied by a bow, completed the sense of the unfinished sentence.

"Why—aw—no—no; I dare say I shall be tormented to death to play for a night or two; but, as the poor people you have here are, no doubt, thought well enough of by the town's-folks, it might seem invidious were I to act."

Here I ventured a word. "Have you acted Macbeth lately, sir, in London?"

"In London—aw—no; the fact is, Macbeth is an up-hill part; Rosse is the part I have usually selected."

"Or Hamlet?"

"Hamlet? no—not exactly Hamlet. Other tragedians, I know, think much of it: John Kemble did. For my part—no—in London, I have always preferred Rosencrantz, as you might have seen by the play-bills."

Here, to my great surprise and delight, he hummed a line or two of a song, which was no other than my "Ah! hide your nose!" The publisher introduced me as the author, and the tragedian (after bestowing upon me compliments of a nature too flattering for me to repeat), invited the "young poet," (as he condescendingly designated me)—*to walk with him!* This was the proudest day of my life. In the evening I had the honour of accompanying him to the theatre, where we had the manager's private box (so called, I presume, because it is the most conspicuous of any in the house;) and it was delightful to observe how cautiously he endeavoured to conceal himself, by holding a white handkerchief to his face, lest their knowledge of his presence might discompose the actors: only occasionally leaning quite forward to applaud, which he did with good-humoured condescension.

I could greatly extend my reminiscences of this eminent tragedian. Sufficient for my present purpose, however, is it to state, that during the week he remained at Weepingford, I had the honour of seeing him daily; and that upon one of these occasions, after listening to nearly half of the first act of my tragedy—he candidly acknowledged that he was so deeply affected by it as to be unable to endure the rest—he took the manuscript out of my hand, promising, at the same time, to read it at his leisure, and (if he approved of it) to recommend it to the notice of the manager—that is to say, of the Theatre Royal, Weepingford. How highly *he* estimated my work the result will show. I shall just notice one circumstance connected with his departure, as it is illustrative of the diffidence which is ever the concomitant of superior genius.

Apprehensive (as he himself told me)

that a crowd might collect about the door of the inn, should the coach stop there to receive him, he had desired the driver to take him up a quarter of a mile on the London road. Thither I accompanied him. The better to avoid observation as he passed through the town (for he had to call at the Post-office, the Public Reading-room, the Theatre, the Grammar School, &c. on his way), he took the precaution of throwing his travelling-cloak across his shoulders, à l'Espagnol, and of holding a handkerchief to his face. On stepping into the coach he waved his hand to me with that air of unaffected, yet dignified patronage, so peculiar to him. "A pleasant journey Mr. —," said I. "Hush!" interrupted he, as I was about to utter his name; "remember, I travel *inccg*." This was the last I ever saw of the celebrated Clearmount.

A few days after his departure I was agreeably surprised by receiving the following letter from the manager of our theatre:

"T. R. Weepingford.

"SIR,—In consequence of the powerful recommendation of Mr. Clearmount, I have read your tragedy. I like it; and if you will guarantee me the sale of five pound's worth of box-tickets, I will act it for my own benefit. Suppose we take a chop together, to-morrow, at the Pigeons, and talk the matter over?"

"Your obedient servant,

"ROGER STRIDE."

"P.S. Better bespeak a private room; and if you tell Scores that I dine with you, he will let you have some of his best port."

But my reminiscences of Clearmount have led me so much out of my subject, that I must hasten to a conclusion.

We dined. After the second glass of wine, "Now, sir, said Mr. Stride, "to business; and, in the first place, we must *cut*."

"Cut! exclaimed I; what is *cut*?"

"Why, sir, your play is rather too long: it is more than three times the length of Othello; so that, were we to act it as it stands, it would not be over till three o'clock in the morning; and then, what would become of 'Sweet-hearts and Wives,' 'Frieschutz,' and the 'Cure for the Heart-ach,' which I intend to give as afterpieces—to say nothing of songs, dances, &c.?"

I instanced the present *late* example of the London theatres, but in vain.—"Besides, sir, not a line can be spared."

"Leave it to me, sir. Your first, second, and fourth acts are utterly useless; nothing is *done* in them, nor are

any of the principal characters introduced. They are all *talk*."

"But, sir, it is *poetry* they are talking."

He made no reply; but simply plunging a very long pen down to the bottom of a very deep ink-bottle, he set heartlessly to the task of drawing black lines across page after page of my manuscript, exclaiming at each excision—"That's of no use—and *that's* of no use—never mind, sir, it will dove-tail beautifully."

I was growing faint, and rang for a small glass of brandy.

"Another bottle of port," said the manager; "and—waiter—have you any more ink in the house?"

"Now, sir," said Mr. Stride, after about two hours' lopping—"now, sir, we are something like; and, with a *little* trimming at rehearsals, we shall do very well."

My play, which had reckoned four-hundred and forty-eight closely-written pages, and cost the world-and-all for carriage to London and back, might now have been transmitted under a member's cover!"

"Be assured, sir, your play will go beautifully. To-morrow I will send it to the Bellman (who examines all these things), and as soon as we have his license to act it, we will put it into rehearsal. Good night, my dear sir.—Waiter, Mr. —'s bill. Good night, my dear sir."

"Well; the day arrived when I was to read my play to the actors. I performed my task with a certain degree of trepidation; but (as I fancied) not altogether without effect: for some of the performers applauded, others looked grave—moved, no doubt, by the pathetic of my piece.

The reading over, Mr. Straddle called me aside—"Sir," said he, "do you expect *me* to play *Tyrantius*?"

"If you please, sir."

"Sir, I'd rather forfeit my engagement. Sanguino, which Mr. Stride has taken—the manager always takes care of himself—ought to have been the part for me. Good morning, sir."

"I like your play amazingly, sir," said Mr. Rantley; but you have made a great mistake in the cast."

"Don't you think Vampyrino a good part?"

"Very good; but Mr. Stride's is a better; and I can't play any but first business. Between ourselves, Straddle is wrong to refuse *his* part—but *he* is a discontented man—'tis a very fine part, and if he hadn't refused it, I should have been glad of it myself. But, under the

circumstances—I wish you a very good morning, sir.”

Notwithstanding these little differences, a few trifling concessions on both sides, made in the spirit of good humour, brought us all to a right understanding; and the play, as originally cast, was put into rehearsal.

On the morning of the last rehearsal, Mr. Stride put a paper into my hand. It was a note from the Bellman; and, as it is rather a curiosity in its way, I give a copy of it *verbatim*:

“To the Manager of the Theatre Royal, Weepingford-le-grave.

Please to omit the following underlined words in the representation of the tragedy, in five acts, called *Sanguino, or the Blood-stained Murderer*:

Act 1. Scene 4. ‘Burst my Adamantine chains.’ [Adam is a Scripture name, and must not be used on the stage.]

Act 2. Scene 1.

‘And hoarse as is the lusty fish-wife’s voice,
When through the streets “buy my live soal”
she cries.’

[Evidently meant for *By my living soul!* which is profane swearing.]

Act 4. Scene 3. ‘To Amsterdam in sullen mood he went,’ [for the same reason.]

Ditto. ‘And now I hear the beetle’s drowsy hum,’ [might be taken for an allusion to our worthy parish beadle—seditions.]

Act 5. Scene 2. ‘Oh Heavens! how like an angel does she seem!’ [Query, Olympus for Heavens—Goddess for angel. Against bringing Heathen Heavens and Divinities upon the stage, there is no moral or legal objection.]

“SIMON DRIVEL.”

The reading of this letter was productive of considerable amusement; when, after deliberate consultation as to whether the morals or the peace of Weepingford were likely to be compromised by the utterance of my proflinities, it was resolved that, *at all risks*, they should be spoken. It is fair, however, to state, that within five weeks afterwards, an apprentice ran away with his master’s daughter, and a new chemise was stolen from the lines of Mrs. Scrubs, the laundress.

My tragedy was acted. How it was received I know not, for I had not nerve to attend the performance. The next morning I looked into the play-bills, and was astonished at the absence of the announcement I had expected to find there, that it would be repeated every evening till farther notice.

“What is the reason of this, Mr. Stride? Of course my play was—”

“Sir, your play is much too good for the people of this town, and I am resolved never to treat the senseless block-heads with it again. Shakspeare himself would not have succeeded here.”

“Not if he had been *cut* as I have been,” replied I, sarcastically; “so good morning to you, Mr. Stride.”

N.B. Till I can get this, or some other of my numerous dramatic works accepted and successfully acted—for the sake of showing the world what the legitimate drama really is—I amuse myself by *doing* the theatrical criticisms in the Weepingford Herald.—P*

New Monthly Magazine.

Notes of a Reader

TRADITIONAL STORY REGARDING THE
LAST OF THE WOLVES IN MORAYSHIRE.

THE last wolves existing in this district had their den in a deep sandy ravine, under the Knock of Braemory, near the source of the Burn of Newton. Two brothers, residing at the little place of Falkirk, boldly undertook to watch the old ones out, and to kill their young, and as every one had suffered more or less from their depredations, the excitement to learn the result of so perilous an enterprise was universal. Having seen the parent animals quit their den in search of prey, the one brother stationed himself as a sentinel, to give the alarm, in case the wolves should return, while the other threw off his plaid, and, armed with his dirk, alone crawled in to dispatch the cubs. He had not been long in the den, when the wolves were seen by the watchman hastening back to the ravine. A sudden panic seized the wretched man, and he fled without giving the promised warning, and never stopped till he crossed the Divie, two miles off. There, conscience-stricken for his cowardice, he wounded himself in various places with his dirk; and, on reaching Falkirk, he told the people, who eagerly collected to hear the result of the adventure, that the wolves had surprised them in the den, that his brother was killed, and that he had miraculously escaped, wounded as he was. A shout of vengeance rent the air, and each man, catching up whatever weapon he could lay his hands on, the whole gathering set out, determined, at all hazards, to recover the mutilated remains of their lost friend. But, what was their astonishment, when, on reaching the Hill of Bogney, they beheld the mangled and bloody form of him whom they supposed dead, dragging itself to—

wards them. For a moment they were awed by a superstitious fear; but they soon learned the history of his escape. He had found little difficulty in killing the cubs, and he was in the act of making his way out, when the mouth of the hole was darkened, and the she-wolf was upon him. With one lucky thrust of his dirk, he dispatched her at once; but his contest with her grim companion was long and severe; and although he fought in that narrow place, and from behind the body of the brute he had killed, he was nearly torn to pieces before he succeeded in depriving his ferocious enemy of life. The indignation of the people against the dastard brother, on thus beholding his falsehood and cowardice made manifest, knew no bounds. They dragged him before the laird, who, on hearing the case, adjudged him to be forthwith hanged on the summit of a conical hill,—a sentence that was immediately put into execution. The hill is called Thomas Rhymer's Hill, for what reason I could never make out.—*Sir T. D. Lauder's Floods of Moray.*

A SAXON DINNER.

THE dining-table was oblong, and rounded at the ends. The cloth was a rich crimson, with a broad gilt margin, and hung low beneath the table. The company sat upon chairs with concave backs, and were arranged, much as at the present day, with the view that to each of the ladies should be assigned a neighbour of the other sex. . . . The dishes consisted of fowls and fish, of the flesh of oxen, sheep, deer, and swine, both wild and domestic, not excepting certain portions of the sea-swine, or porpoise—a food not at present much in repute, but at that period no unfrequent article of diet. There were two *sanda*, or dishes, of *sodden syftian*, or soup bouilli, and one of *seuthen*, or boiled goose. The bread was of the finest wheat flour, and lay in two silver baskets upon the table. Almost the only vegetable in use among the Saxons was kale wort; and the only condiments were salt and pepper. These various articles were boiled, baked, or broiled; and were handed by the attendants upon small spits to the company. . . . Instead of forks, which were not used in England till James the First's time, when Tom Coriate introduced them from Italy, our ancestors made use of their fingers; but, for the sake of cleanliness, each person was provided with a small silver ewer containing water, and

two flowered napkins of the finest linen. Their dessert consisted of grapes, figs, nuts, apples, pears, and almonds.—*Sea-Kings in England; by the Author of "The Fall of Nineveh."*

MACE OF THE ROYAL SOCIETY.

THE mace itself is of silver, about four feet in length, and very massive; it was some time ago gilded, the expense of which was 20*l*. It is the same which was in use, time out of mind, in the House of Commons, and to which Cromwell, when he dissolved the Long Parliament, alluded in the words, "Take away that bauble!" Shortly after, it was presented to the Royal Society by Charles II.; being superseded at the House of Commons by the one now borne by Colonel Seymour, the sergeant-at-arms.—*Literary Gazette.*

AFRICAN TRAVELLERS.

THE Conflict, brig, Lieut. Matson, has arrived at Portsmouth from the Coast of Africa, and has been paid off. By this conveyance official information has been received from Mr. Richard Lander, who, accompanied by his brother, had been sent out by the Colonial Department, to trace, if possible, the termination of the hitherto mysterious Niger. Mr. Lander sailed from Portsmouth in January last, in the ship *Alert*, for Cape Coast Castle, where he safely arrived, and found the same individuals who had accompanied him on his return to Badagry from Soccatoo after the death of Captain Clapperton. By these persons he was received with great joy, and they all volunteered to accompany him in his new undertaking; and notwithstanding the treachery that had been before displayed to Lander by Old Pasko, the native of Houssa, who in the first instance had accompanied Belzoni, then Clapperton, and returned with Lander to the coast, it was considered advisable to employ him again, and also that his wife should be of the party. The Conflict conveyed the travellers to Badagry, which place they reached about the 25th of March, and a communication directly took place with the king, who instantly recognised Lander, and gave him a cordial reception, with assurances of a safe conveyance through his territory; and messengers were dispatched to Jennah to insure a favourable reception at that place. Every arrangement being made, Mr. R. Lander and his brother landed early in April, and proceeded on their perilous undertaking, accompanied by

Pasko, his wife, and the former faithful attendants Aboudah, and Jowdie. Adolee, the king, gave Lander the little horse which had conveyed the traveller from Soccatoo to Badagry, and which the latter had presented to the former on his previous journey.

The travellers left Badagry in excellent health and spirits, and information is received of their having got safely through that kingdom. The friendly reception experienced by Mr. Lander arose from his having so readily swallowed the fetish draught during his former residence at Badagry, and which caused the king and all his subjects to treat him "as the wonderful man it would be dangerous to insult." Badagry had suffered from the effect of a severe fire which destroyed half the town, and reduced the miserable inhabitants to the greatest distress.—*United Service Journal*.

The Gatherer.

A snapper up of unconsidered trifles.
SHAKESPEARE.

CHRISTMAS.

JOHN SELDEN in his *Table Talk*, says "Christmas succeeds the *Saturnalia*, the same time, the same number of holidays, then the master waited upon the servant like the Lord of Misrule—our sports and our meats (much of them) have relation to church works. The coffin of our Christmas-pies, in shape long, is in imitation of the crotch; our choosing kings and queens on Twelfth-Night, hath reference to the three kings. So likewise our eating of fritters, whipping of tops, roasting of herrings, Jack of Lents, &c. they are all in imitation of church works, emblems of martyrdom. Our Tansies at Easter have reference to the bitter herbs; tho' at the same time 'twas always the fashion for a man to have a gammon of bacon to show himself to be no Jew."

ROMAN MODE OF BALLOT.

THREE ballots were given to each judge, marked one with an A for *absolve*, I *absolve*; a second with a C for *condemno*, I *condemn*; and the third with N L which stood for *non liquet*, it is not clear. One or other of these, each judge, according to his judgment, put into an urn, and the prætor acquitted or condemned the criminal, according to the respective number of these letters. If the suffrages for acquitting and condemning were equal, the accused was always acquitted.

When a new law was proposed, or an

amendment of an old one was in agitation, each voter had two ballots put into his hand, the one marked A signifying *antiquo*, or *antiquam volo*, I like the old way; and the other marked U R for *uti rogas*, as you desire; and his suffrage was given, by putting the one, or the other into the urn. P. T. W.

GOOD SIGNS.

WHERE *spades* grow bright, and idle
swords grow dull,
Where *jails* are empty, and where *barns*
are full,
Where *church-paths* are with frequent
feet out-worn,
Law court-yards weedy, silent, and
forlorn;
Where *doctors* foot it, and where *farmers*
ride,
Where *age* abounds, and *youth* is multiplied;
Where these signs are, they clearly indicate
A happy people, a well-govern'd state.
R. P. C.

To kiss the hand of a pretty woman after her lips, is like the practice of children, who when they eat the apple, fall to the paring, out of a love they have to the fruit.—Selden.

Verses by Ben Jonson and Shakspeare, occasioned by the motto to the *Globe Theatre*—"Totus mundus agit histrionem."

JONSON.

Is but stage-actors all the world displays,
Where shall we find spectators of their plays?

SHAKESPEARE.

Little or much of what we see we do;
We're all both actors and spectators too.

COMPLETION OF VOL. XVI.

A SUPPLEMENTARY NUMBER,
WITH A
PORTRAIT
OF
THE QUEEN,

And a Memoir of her Majesty: and Title-page, Preface, and Index to Vol. XVI. will be published on January 8, 1831.

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T WOOLNOR SC^r

HIS MAJESTY KING GEORGE IV.

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PRECEDED BY AN ORIGINAL ARTICLE COMMENTING UPON THE WHOLE.

VOL. I.—No. I.

OCTOBER 8, 1825.

Price 3d.

I. ILLUSTRATED ARTICLE.

THE KING.

(Original.)

WITH the first number of "*The Spirit of the Times*," we feel great pleasure in presenting to the public an excellent engraved Portrait of His Present Majesty, for which the drawing was made, by Mr. Wageman, from the much-admired bust by Chantrey, and subsequently animated from the illustrious original.

It was at once an indispensable, and a pleasing and appropriate duty on the part of the conductors of a work devoted, as this will be, to the objects of elegant literature, of general science, and of the liberal as well as the useful arts, to embark upon their venturesome, but promising, enterprise under so auspicious a banner as that which represents the most munificent patron of letters, invention, and taste who has ever sat upon the British throne. It has often surprised us, that hitherto our reviews, our journals, our periodicals, literary men, and even literary bodies of men, have been so backward in rendering any thing like a sincere public homage to the spirit and liberality of a monarch to whose fostering protection and noble encouragement the pursuits they cultivate or advocate have been so largely indebted.

At no former period of our history have the fine arts been made so immediately the favoured objects of royal patronage in this country as during the present reign; and, if we proceed to state very briefly a few facts in corroboration of this statement, we shall not feel it necessary to affect the ordinary deprecations of an intention to flatter that royalty to which we do not flatter *ourselves*, either that our praise would be particularly acceptable, or our censure very alarming. But a sense of what is really due to the eminent services which have been rendered by the illustrious personage in question to all those studies

which exalt and dignify the character, refine the manners, and adorn the habits and habitations of mankind; and an honest desire, at the same time, to render justice to some of his moral and political qualities of still higher merit and excellence, though more frequently overlooked,—these are the motives which have occasioned some of the subjoined observations upon particular passages in the life of this great sovereign.

George the Fourth (George Augustus Frederick) was born on the 12th of August, 1762, at the commencement, precisely, of that era in the history of these kingdoms which has proved to be the most eventful in its consequences, as it was disastrous about its beginning. It was in his twelfth year that the resistance of the American colonists to taxation by the British parliament brought on a struggle between our dominions in the New World, which, in little more than ten years, terminated, notwithstanding the stupendous exertions that were put forth in the mean time by the mother-country, in their total separation from her dominion and connexions. This alone was an event possessing that degree of political importance which was calculated to produce an impression not likely to be effaced from an observant mind at any future period. The astonishing incidents, however, which, up to the breaking out of the French Revolution in 1793, followed upon each other with an awful rapidity, might seem to have almost eclipsed in the fearfulness of their aspect, as they certainly did in the importance of their results, such a rupture even as that between America and England. The political commotions of Europe, and, indeed, of all the world, which continued to be in a state of furious excitation until the peace of Amiens in 1802, developed the talents and aroused the energies of some of the most extraordinary and gifted individuals whom Great Britain, always fertile

of great men in seasons of emergency, ever yet produced. When in the list of these celebrated personages we find the names of Burke, Barry, Fox, Sheridan, Fitz-Patrick, the Greys, the Windhams, and the Howards, and remember that they were the chosen associates, the immediate advisers, the private friends, the political guides, the public court of his majesty, then prince of Wales, we must allow that such connexions reflected upon him the deepest honour. If we were to pursue any thing like an outline of the public conduct and career of his royal highness during the years to which we are alluding, it is highly probable that there might be many opinions and facts, in the first of which our own notions would hardly permit us to concur; while, in the second, we might occasionally deplore the occurrence. But we should find ample room for gratulation at times, in respect both of the judgments which were formed, and of the course which was pursued, by the same illustrious person. That his royal highness offered, upon the proposal of parliament to liquidate his debts, to give up to the nation, until these should be discharged, the whole of his revenues as prince of Wales and duke of Cornwall; and to retire, for a season, within the appointments and station of a private gentleman;—this, in a prince of the blood-royal, and the heir-apparent to the crown of Great Britain, was, as Peter Pindar once happily expressed it,

“A deed unmention’d in the book of kings.”

It was a suggestion of high principle, and delicate feeling, and manly disinterestedness. When the short and unsalutary truce of Amlens had been abruptly broken, and the enormous power of France menaced even England with invasion, it was gratifying to the nation to observe the becoming spirit and alacrity with which their future monarch claimed, of his royal father, that degree of military promotion which might entitle him to participate in the dangers and the glory of personally exerting himself in the defence of his country and her institutions. A desire of this generous nature, thus publicly manifested, was entirely consistent with the constitutional, wise, and liberal sentiments which were uttered by his royal highness in the house of lords upon those great and vital questions, to which the attention of parliament was then occasionally directed. Whether the peculiar complexion of public affairs, and the constitution of the government at the time that he succeeded to the powers of the regency, were a sufficient justification to his royal highness for quitting, not, as has been rather erroneously assumed, the early friends of his youth, but their disciples and successors, for the councils

and political principles of those who had been, in the same way, not the immediate advisers of the unfortunate sovereign whom he represented, but who were the friends and pupils of their system; this is a question that we have, at present, neither the opportunity nor the desire to discuss. We shall only remark, that when we know that the relations of private amity and regard still continue undiminished by any change of political connexion between his present majesty and the most warm and decided members of the Whig party; it must be apparent that such a subsisting relation can only be founded on feelings and principles the most honourable to all the parties. The events and violent controversies which accompanied the return of the late queen Caroline to England, after his majesty's accession to the throne of his fathers, are universally known and apprehended throughout these kingdoms. It would be absurd to attempt a conciliation of the jarring opinions and feelings to which they gave rise; but there was at least one circumstance connected with them, which can never be remembered but to his majesty's honour. Among the many distinguished personages who formed the society of the princess of Wales, after her unhappy separation from her royal consort, was a minister whose name at this moment ranks perhaps higher than any other in Europe, for all the high endowments and commanding qualities which can distinguish a statesman and a legislator; and for much of that stirring and manly principle that redeems the national character of our countrymen from the taint of almost every fault that can fairly be alleged against them. This great and eminent person, when it was first proposed in parliament to proceed against the very princess whose admiring guest he had so repeatedly been, by a Bill of Pains, Penalties, and Deprivation, declared from his place, in the most solemn and impressive manner, that he, for one, never would join in any hostile vote against the illustrious lady. In a very short time afterwards, when the death of the marquess of Londonderry, and other circumstances, had so completely disorganised the cabinet, that it was found absolutely necessary to take in Mr. Canning as the minister for foreign affairs, it was naturally expected that the repugnance of his majesty to avail himself of the services of this gentleman would be absolutely invincible; that the course pursued by Mr. Canning, in opposition to that of all his majesty's other ministers, was in itself too severe a condemnation of the unfortunate proceeding in question ever to be overlooked. His majesty, however, has certainly shown (in regard to this matter) not only a delicate

but a patriotic respect for the integrity of so able and honourable a servant. It has been generally observed, that the king has been even pointed in the expressions of confidence and consideration, and in what may be called the personal attentions with which he has invariably treated Mr. Canning since the latter came into office. All comment upon this liberality of conduct must be unnecessary: it speaks for itself; it cannot be too highly estimated, and its good effects are incalculable.

But we return to the principal object of this paper, which was to render a just homage to the character of George the Fourth, as a most munificent patron of literature and the arts. To his personal and unwearied patronage we owe many of the most important treasures that have been exhumated from the ruins of Herculaneum. History is indebted to his generosity for the publication of the invaluable Stuart papers; and the last scions of the same family, the rivals and competitors of his ancestors for the English crown, were also honourably relieved and succoured by the bounty of his father and of himself. Under his majesty's auspices, the slumbering valuables which have so long reposed in official torpor at the State Paper office, are gradually awakening to a new life and to public utility. But the debt of gratitude which is due from the fine arts, is of a still more extensive description. The magnificent and unique collection of casts from antique statues deposited in the galleries and palaces of Rome, and presented to him by the pope, was nobly transferred by the king to the Royal Academy; and undoubtedly an inestimable benefit was thus conferred upon the rising talent of our own promising school. Through the personal interest which his majesty felt for the advancement of the arts throughout the empire, a national gallery of pictures, of extraordinary value, beauty, and rarity, has been at length established; and the beneficial influence of the example thus emanating from the throne has thus procured, for sculpture and painting, a higher degree of general encouragement than they ever before attained to in Britain. This patronage has not been confined to the easy and barren expressions of attachment which we have, on former occasions, seen evidenced by the throne; but it has consisted in, and been indisputably testified by, judicious and munificent purchases, and the accumulation of a collection containing many matchless specimens of particular schools. The magnificent donation of 1500*l.* to Mrs. Muss, the unfortunate widow of the celebrated glass-enameller and painter, was but one instance out of a hundred wherein his majesty's bounty has been promptly and most warmly exerted, in

favour of the unprotected children of talent and of art. But as every eminent institution for the encouragement of art, and the advancement of literature, has, in our times, in one way or other, derived from the present king of England support or encouragement, it would be idle in us to prolong the catalogue of the benefits which his majesty has conferred upon their professors. We feel that we have insufficiently discharged a task that should have devolved on abler hands ere this; but we are satisfied that we have at least attempted to discharge a matter of strict though agreeable duty.

The extreme urbanity and polished elegance of his majesty's manners have long been celebrated, not only throughout his own kingdom, but in every court and capital of Europe. The common consent of the nations, usually more jealous upon points of this kind than upon matters of a much higher and more permanent interest, has conceded to him the splendid reputation of being the most accomplished gentleman of his own times. The greatness and true grandeur of his reign are evidenced by public acts, and national successes of an importance, an extent, and a variety, which utterly preclude us from attempting to crowd, even the most abridged sketch of them, into the narrow limits of this article. Without recurring to the unexampled victories which, ever since the regency, have every where attended our arms—which have crushed successive confederacies of continental sovereigns against us, and utterly defeated and overwhelmed the greatest and the ablest enemy who ever yet wielded against us the power of France; we may allude to the extension of our foreign and colonial empire—the restoration of a metallic currency—the revision of our fiscal system—the remodelling of our navigation and revenue laws—the consolidation, still in progress, of the statutes—the simplification of the public accounts—the repeal and diminution effected in our taxes—the increased magnificence of our public works—the improved condition of our national institutions—and, lastly, the establishment of the great principles of free trade:—as among those great and permanent benefits which will render the reign, the memory, and the name of George the Fourth, glorious, illustrious, and revered in all future history.

II. ORIGINAL LEADING ARTICLE.

In introducing our first number to the acquaintance, and, we hope, the patronage of the public, we may be permitted to call attention to the valuable and interesting contents which our plan enables us to crowd into a space that might, at first

sight, appear altogether too limited for such a variety of objects.

The illustrated article with which we set out relates to Mr. Woolnoth's spirited engraving of *Wagman's PORTRAIT OF HIS MAJESTY*; and, for the same reasons that we have there stated, we feel an honest pleasure in paying this tribute to the munificent patron of all arts and sciences among us,—the friend of merit in all the elegant branches of human learning and industry,—and the enlightened protector of that school of painting and design, whose astonishing progress bids fair to rival, in a very few years, the celebrity of the schools of Rome, and Florence, and Bologna.

The present, which we may distinguish by the designation of our "*LEADING ARTICLE*," possesses, we apprehend, *one feature, at least, of equal novelty and value*. It contains the essence of the various papers on science and art, as well as domestic and political events, which the number comprises. That no other journal of the kind should have adopted this useful and agreeable plan, may, indeed, be matter of surprise to ourselves, in common with our readers; but it is an omission that we shall, in all our future numbers, only the more carefully endeavour to supply. The selections that we have made from the journals, daily and weekly papers, &c., are extracted from the principal and most influential of those publications, or from those which have treated the various topics to which the selections relate in the most popular, useful, or striking form. In the principle, therefore, upon which our extracts are chosen, we anticipate the universal concurrence of our readers.

Among other matters of domestic moment, we may particularly instance those which are headed "*Martin and the Press*," "*Knox's Monument*," and "*Mechanics' Combinations*."

Of *MR. MARTIN'S BILL* there can be but one opinion, on the score of principle. Its principle is excellent, and involves a vindication of the great duty of humanity which is incumbent upon us in our employment and treatment of the labouring and useful animals. But, in the first place, its application is necessarily unequal, because its objects are vague. In the second place, there are some personal considerations, applying to Mr. Martin's own interference in the "*working*" of his own bill, which will be found, in an article from the "*News of Literature and Fashion*," very ably and pleasantly set forth.

The *MONUMENT TO JOHN KNOX* is a tardy, but just homage, to the fierce, and even implacable, but undaunted spirit, of that great reformer, who delivered the people of Scotland from their abject bondage to a despotic court, and a still more despotic, crafty, and slavish reli-

gion. The fiery zeal of John Knox demolished many of the most beautiful and interesting relics of ecclesiastical antiquity, in his native country; but it opened, also, a new theatre for more exalted arts, and a wider field for the discursive flights of human reason.

The next domestic matter is one upon which we cannot choose but speak with the most unaffected pain and sorrow—the "*MECHANICS' COMBINATIONS*." The evils of the combining system, among this very valuable and numerous portion of the community have attained a most alarming height. The mechanics set out, upon their present career, with the most legitimate objects in the world—the securing an open market for their free labour, and the procuring a repeal of those odious and antiquated statutes, which, proceeding on the absurd presumption, that masters would always be forward to raise the wages of their journeymen, in proportion to the value of their labour, and the price of commodities,—annexed heavy penalties to any combinations among the workmen, under any circumstances, to obtain increased wages from the masters. Experience has long proved, that the presumption was unjustifiable, in too many instances, and that those penalties were unreasonable, cruel, and despotic. In the session of parliament before the last, the mechanics obtained a repeal of the old combination-laws; and, in the same moment, therefore, their other great object—a free market for their labour. No man is now *compellable* to work, as heretofore, for any stipulated sum, however that sum may have been settled and agreed upon between delegates from his own class, and from the masters in his trade. Neither is he bound to work at wages that he himself has specifically agreed for with his particular employer, any longer than he chooses to do. He may, therefore, always carry his own labour to the best market he can obtain for it. Thus far, the mechanics, who set out with an excellent cause, have excellently carried it. But, in the very instant that they have defeated one tyranny, they are, we fear, endeavouring to set up another, fraught with incalculable mischief—first, to themselves; secondly, to the masters; and, thirdly, to the poor. They have now, all over the country, combined together in the most formidable manner, *against* free labour. They require, that the *masters* shall take the prices of labour in the various trades, &c., from them; and they equally decree, that no man shall hire himself to another, but at such wages as they (the combinations) have been pleased to settle and determine. In the mean time, trades and manufactories are idle; and the workmen, whose capital must soon become exhausted, in spite of all their combinations, are

ruined, by the want of employment. Masters and manufacturers are equally ruined, as their capital and their stock and machinery lie useless, rotten, or rusty. *But the poor are, essentially, the sufferers.*—The cheapness of manufactures depends on the ratio of their production; and such commodities must, therefore, be *dear*, exactly in proportion to their *scarcity*. From the article headed "Mechanics' Combinations," the reader will see, that the combinations have, at length, called for the interference of government. In reading the article from "The Morning Chronicle," the reader must recollect, that it comes from the warm advocate of "the repeal of the combination-laws, without either condition or security;" and it is natural, that it should, therefore, undervalue the extent of the evil produced. The "facts" that we have extracted from another paper (The "News") present a view of the evil as it, at present, exists.

The articles of foreign interest are also of very vital importance. Possibly we are hardly correct in classing under this head, that which is, in fact, a piece of colonial intelligence. But its great moment may well excuse us for pausing to notice the case of "THE ALMORAH." A more remarkable exemplification of the mischievous effects that must always result to the many from allowing exorbitant commercial monopolies to the few, was never exhibited. At a season of expected famine, and existing drought, the governor of New South Wales charts a valuable ship, "The Almorah," to bring into the ports, of that beautiful and valuable colony, supplies of provisions and necessities from Java. An accredited government officer is put into her as supercargo; the stores being expressly ordered for the use of the colony. On the arrival of the "Almorah" in the harbour of Sydney, she is seized by the commander of H. M. S. *Slaney*, for an alleged infraction of the East India company's charter. The question of this infraction turns, as will be seen upon the most cursory perusal of the article in question, on the fact of Java's being a foreign port or otherwise; for, if it be a foreign port, then the charter of the honourable company does not run to it. *None of the papers seem yet to have noticed the most decisive authority that can be adduced on this question; and we shall therefore quote it.* About June, 1824, "a treaty was concluded between his Britannic majesty and the king of the Netherlands, respecting territory and commerce in the East Indies;" which treaty was signed at London on the 17th March, 1824, and was presented to both houses of parliament by command of his majesty. Now in the 16th article of that treaty, the convention of the 24th of June, 1817, between the commissioners of Great Britain and the Ne-

therlands, whereby Great Britain expressly *restored to the latter* the possession and sovereignty of Java, is by name recited and *confirmed*. It is needless to ask whether the Almorah did or did not bring any *tea* in her cargo, for it seems that she did not: but, however that fact may have been, there can be no more doubt that the governor of New South Wales, in a case of public colonial emergency, had as much a dispensing power to send for tea direct, even to China, if he pleased, as that that would be the most monstrous of all monopolies that should, indeed, sanction, in order to meet the terms of a private chartered company, the seizure of stores and necessities destined to relieve one of the largest national colonies in the world!

We make no doubt that the article about *Gazette* will be read with profound interest. Till, however, it can be ascertained, whether the provisional government has positively made the proffer attributed to it, of placing Greece under the protectorship of Great Britain, and whether lord Cochrane will join the Greek cause, we offer no comment on the Greek intelligence in its present shape. A personal friend of his lordship's, moreover, expressed a pretty strong opinion to us, yesterday, that his lordship would return to the Brazils in the *Piranga*, Brazilian frigate, which is just ready for sea.

The reader's attention will be strongly attracted to the article relative to sir Charles Stuart's arrival at Rio Janeiro, and the reported effect of the negotiations which sir Charles is said to have opened, as mediator on behalf of England, between PORTUGAL AND BRAZIL. A more anomalous series of propositions than that which is alluded to in this communication was, perhaps, never seriously brought forward by the agents of two governments standing in the relative conditions of Brazil and Portugal, under present circumstances.

Whether it can be possible that a treaty of this kind, so directly in the teeth of those principles upon which the British government has recognised the independence of the late colonies of Spain in South America, can have been really sanctioned by Mr. Canning (for the reasons assigned in the Editor's note at p. 14), or how far it may be allowed us to suppose that sir Charles Stuart may have exceeded his powers, we cannot as yet conveniently inquire. The lapse of a very little time must furnish us with further information on this important subject.

It is matter of great satisfaction to us to announce the probable termination of THE BURMESE WAR, in consequence of the capture, on the 1st of April last, of Arracan, the chief city of that wild and extensive empire. This achievement promises to close a contest, of which every man must deplore the commencement, and for

which, perhaps, no sufficient cause has yet been officially assigned to the English public. To the trade of Great Britain, *not*, we hope, to any new Asiatic monopoly like the East India company, the capture of Arracan offers some very gratifying prospects. Its situation in the immediate vicinity of the eastern coast of the Bay of Bengal, would ensure to the British mercantile interest in India and at home an active and commanding trade throughout Ava, Pegu, Siam, and Cambodia, and, in short, throughout those immense and comparatively unknown countries, which are bounded by the mouths of the Ganges and Chittigony on the west, the gulf of Tonquin on the east, and the gulf of Siam in the south.

Such are the principal topics to which we have thought it necessary to direct, in these preliminary remarks, the notice of our readers; hoping that we have omitted nothing of whatever the week just elapsed has furnished with most novel or most important in politics and events, foreign and domestic.

We now proceed to give (*that which is altogether new in a Leading Article*) *AN ACCOUNT OF THE PRINCIPAL EXPERIMENTS, DISCOVERIES, &c., THAT HAVE JUST OCCURRED IN THE HISTORY OF THE SCIENCES AND THE ARTS.*

IN THE SCIENCES, the attention of philosophers is now directed in CHEMISTRY to the phenomena of *Electricity, Galvanism, and Magnetism*. It has lately been shown by M. Becquerel, that an electrical current is produced during the solution of bodies, and also by the mixture of acids. These phenomena tend to illustrate and confirm the views of sir H. Davy, that chemical affinity is identical with electrical attractions.

The application of *Chemical Principles* to obtain comfort and secure health, is illustrated by the remedy for damp walls, which was adopted by Mr. Schmittals in a case where a hall was about to be pulled down in consequence of the dampness of its walls: he directed them to be washed with sulphuric acid; this acid decomposed the deliquescent salts, which had attracted moisture from the air, and converted them into insoluble ones, after which the walls dried, and the hall was free from dampness.

In MECHANICAL SCIENCE we have to notice the experiments of Mr. Jardine on the *strength of leaden pipes* for conveying water. These experiments were made in the following manner. The pipe to be experimented upon was closed at one end, while the other communicated with a forcing pump, by means of which, water was injected into the pipe till its force to burst it open was equal to that it would have to sustain, if conveying water from a lofty spring; the stress on the pipe be-

ing proportional to the height of the fountain-head. The pump was furnished with a valve or gauge, which measures very nearly the degree of pressure communicated to the pipe, so that in every experiment it became easy to compute the height of a fountain-head, which would cause a similar pressure in the pipes. As the operation of forcing water into the pipe proceeds, the pipe gradually swells throughout its whole length, until, owing to some weak part, a protuberance appears, and increases, the metal becomes thinner and thinner at that point, and at last rends asunder, and the water issues with great violence.

After showing that various experiments of the same kind, and tables for the aid of practical men, have been more than a century before the public, the account of Mr. Jardine's experiments, in the "News of Literature," is closed with the following remarks. "The experiments are not of that practical nature which we expected from the state of knowledge on this subject. It matters not to a practical man what strain a pipe will bear for a few minutes, nor even a few hours; the real object of doubt is how strong a pipe should be, so that it may effectively resist the pressure for months and years; and it is better to be too strong than too weak, though the expense of an excess of metal is a serious one in the case of water-pipes." It appears that it is intended to settle upon the thickness of the pipes for the supply of Edinburgh with water from these experiments: hence we have thought the subject required particular attention; besides, it is one of universal interest, there being few places indeed where pipes for conveying water are not required.

In America, a *new mode of Navigating* against the current in rivers has been discovered by Mr. E. Clark, who has made some experiments to demonstrate its practicability. It consists in adding a pair of paddle wheels, similar to those of a steam-vessel, to the boat. Then a rope of sufficient length being fixed at one end to some place on the bank of the river, and the other end fixed to the axis of the paddle wheels, as the force of the current impels the wheels round, they wind the rope round the axis, and consequently the boat moves against the stream towards the point where the end of the rope is fixed, and the rope being fixed again further up the stream, the boat is again advanced, and soon successively passes through the rapids of a river. The employment of this method will be of most advantage in a rapid current; and in any river which has considerable velocity it must be of considerable value, the stream itself being made the moving power; and that which constituted the difficulty of ascent, the means of ascending. The circumstances

of this species of motion have been very neatly investigated by M. Navier in the "*Bulletin des Sciences Technologiques*." His results seem to agree very nearly with those found by direct experiment; and we regret that the final result is not capable of being expressed in a brief and popular form.

The lovers of ASTRONOMY have been much favoured, for it appears that no fewer than five *Comets* have been seen in the course of this year. The first was discovered by M. Gambart on the 19th of May, between the constellations Cassiopea and Andromeda; it was visible till July 14, and was seen by many astronomers. The second was discovered by M. Pons, at Marlia, on the 15th of July, in the constellation Taurus. A third was discovered by M. Pons on the 9th of August, in the constellation Auriga; and it is probably the one now visible near Aldebaran. The fourth, and most important of the whole, is the celebrated comet of Encke; it appears to have been seen by M. Valtz, of Nîmes, on the 13th of July; it was seen by M. Olani on the 13th of August, and subsequently by Pons, Inghirami, and South, so that no doubt can exist of the re-appearance of this singular body. In the winter of 1828 another return of it may be expected. The fifth comet was seen by M. Harding on the 23rd of August; but its motion to the south was so rapid, that it is no longer visible.

IN THE ARTS,—in HORTICULTURE, a new kind of hotbed, for forcing cucumbers, has been tried by Mr. C. S. Dickens, and communicated to the Horticultural Society. Instead of forming a solid bed of dung, as is usually done, he constructs four piers, one foot and a half high, and nine inches square, to support a two-light frame. Two pieces of timber, four inches square, are laid from pier to pier, at the back and front; on these is laid a platform of boards, of an inch and a half thick; these are plastered with neats' dung, which, when dry, is covered two inches thick with good mould, and the frame is placed on the piers. Under the centre of each light, a bushel of mould is laid, forming a hillock. After this, the lights are put on, and linings of hot dung applied all round, the interior space remaining hollow. In two days the bed is fit for use: if the heat is found to decrease, a wheel-barrow full of fresh dung is added, and shaken up with the linings, and well watered. In order to confine the heat, the whole of the linings are plastered with neats' dung, by which means a temperature is obtained of from seventy-five to eighty degrees. A bed, which was thus made on the 3rd of February, produced on the 30th of March two fine cucumbers, measuring thirteen inches in length.

Among the improvements which tend to facilitate COMMERCE, the improved *Mariner's Compass, of Captain Phillips, R. N.*, is likely to be a valuable one. In this compass the box is suspended in a hemispherical cup, in such a manner, that its horizontal vibrations are made with equal freedom in every direction; indeed, the box constitutes a species of adjustable pendulum: a heavy ring is connected to the box below its centre of suspension, and by raising or lowering this ring, the vibrations can be regulated to suit the weather. But it was also necessary that the box should have the liberty of making vertical oscillations, to prevent the card of the compass being displaced; and this captain Phillips has effected, in a very ingenious manner, by suspending the box on a solid piston, which is sustained in a tube by a fine spiral spring, and the strength of this spring may also be regulated according to the motion of the vessel. The means of adjustment are simple and obvious; and we observe he uses the improved cards of the ingenious captain Kater. The common compass is always much affected by the motion of the vessel, and especially when the waves strike obliquely; and, in ships of war, the first fire generally displaces the compass cards, while those suspended in the improved method are not disturbed.

III. ORIGINAL ANECDOTES, JEUX D'ESPRIT, &c.

ON DIT.—The house, which is building for a certain illustrious personage, is erecting at the expense of a wealthy individual, who gives it to that illustrious personage for life. It then reverts to the real proprietor, who obtains by this means the valuable situation within the precincts of the palace.

THE SUBTERFUGE.

"I vow, my dear Strephon," said Chloe one even,
While Damon lay hid in the bower—
"Yon sun that now gazes shall see a kiss given
"To no one but thee from this hour."
Now Strephon is gone—and with mournful eye
Poor Damon upbraided the fair—
"Tush! blockhead," cries Chloe, "the sun's now
on high,—
"But d'ye think it will always be there?"
D. P.

THE SALARIES.

A Quintett.

"Costard. Oh! remuneration?—Oh, that's the Latin word for three farthings!"—L. L. Lost.

AIR—*Why, how, madam Flirt, &c.*

C. K. (canit.)

Why, how now, Mr. Young!
Won't twenty pounds content you?
I'd sooner far be hung
Up, for a mor. memento,

C. M. Y.

Why, how now?—fare ye well!
Three pounds a night!—Lord sa' me!
I'll fly to Dunstable,
Or sta. 't at Bartlemey!

C. K.

Sir, I'm sorry for't—(bows).
(Aside)—I fear'd he would have ta'en it.
Now I, with n—ll Warde,
Will shine once more—the planet!

W. C. Mac— (to E.)

Three pounds a—(starts). Roscius! hear!
Shades of the Doric dead!
Sophocles! lend an ear!
Terentius, raise your head!

Plato and Aristotle!
Eschylus and Menander!
Why, choke your saucy throttle,
D'ye think I'm such a gander?

Miss St—ns.

La! only twenty?—eh?
Why, bless my silly head!—

[Pauses—then, flinging back her hair,
with a most bewitching smile—

Well, half a loaf, they say,
Is better than no bread!

Enter Lister rapidly, dressed as Paul Pry, just
come from the Haymarket.

L—n.

What? eh? what?—what's the news?
How? twenty pounds!—Blest S—r!
I'd sooner black old shoes,
Or break stones for a parlour!

Managing Committee (in choro.)

Well, ladies—as you will—
And, gentlemen, as you will!—
You have your option still,—
We mean not to be cruel!

Macready.

For me, I must be gone,
I can't abide it, *really*,
I'll get a wig and gown,†
And plead at the Old Bailey!

Omnes (in choro.)

We'll strike!—Do what you may,
Such terms we'll ne'er agree on;
We'll club our wits and pay,
And set up the Pantheon!

Huzza! huzza!

[Exeunt omnes.

GOOD PRACTICAL BULL.

At the late fire, near Mortimer-street, one of the persons (not professionally employed for that purpose,) who distinguished themselves most by their zealous, and sometimes imminently hazardous exertions, to save the property of the inhabitants of the burning houses, was a young Irish surgeon, who lives yet in the same street. This person, by the most rapid means of proceeding that could be conceived, (*viz.*, flinging them out of the windows,) contrived to disencumber one mansion of almost the entire of its furniture, before the flames had, as yet, begun to assail it. He was with a fireman, in an upper story, just as the blaze began to crackle against the windows below; and, when about to rush from the apartment, for his life, a magnificent pier-glass, lying against the wall, attracted his attention.

* Per Mac atque O, tu veros cognoscis Hibernos.
† It is said Mr. M. has not given up this idea.

"Oh, death and fire!" said our hero,
"this mustn't be lost, at any rate."

He seized it with both hands; and, running to the open window, precipitated it into the street. He was quite surprised, on coming down stairs, to find, that it "was not to the fore."

MR. MARTIN'S APOLOGY FOR INTEMPERANCE.

A Rondo.

"Mr. Martin came before Mr. Halls, and Mr. Beckett (a county magistrate) to apologize for an infemperance of which he acknowledged he had been guilty the day before, &c. &c. &c."

Vide Morning Papers.

Sir!—please your worship!—Mr. Halls!

I come to ask your pardon;
Although I think the very walls
Of Bow-street, Covent-garden—
Had they been borne so hard on

As I, with their materials,

Would cast themselves the vile b—d on,

Sir! please your worship! Mr. Halls!

Indeed, sirs, 'twas unpardonable

In one of my high station—

A senator—grave—mild—staid—stable—

Not given to rage or passion,

And dealing, too,—(d—n n!)!

With one not fit to serve my table,

The biggest sc—l in creation—

Indeed, 'twas most unpardonable!

G—d—the r—l's vulgar soul!

A brute!—a blustering brute!

'Twas shameful—shameful, on the whole—

I should lose temper to't:

I'll calmly press my suit

'Gainst Black and Blackwood cheek-by-jowl,

And keep my dignity to boot!

G—d—the r—l's vulgar soul!

A fellow, sir, long since exiled

From all genteel society!

(Don't stop me, pray)—I should have smiled

In steady, calm sobriety!

By —l—(now pray be quiet, ye

Will know all when ye've heard it)—wild

With one, by —, not fit to tie a tie

Upon this shoe!—I say, exiled!

What? please your worships?—Call to-morrow?

Indeed, indeed, I sha'n't:—

Well, I'm the patient'st man in sorrow,

Deuce take me if I an't!

Birnie not here? I grant,

However loth one hour to borrow,

If he's not here, hear me he can't,

And so—I'll call again to-morrow.

[Exit hastily.

IV. SPIRIT OF THE DAILY JOURNALS.

MECHANICS' COMBINATIONS.

(From The Chronicle.)

The combinations of mechanics throughout the country are fast approaching to their dissolution. Masters cannot raise their prices as they please, except in a few trades, and it is not very likely that they will ever be induced to pay their workmen more than what is consistent with the ordinary profit to themselves. *If the profits in any particular trade were higher than usual, the masters would naturally be desirous of extending their operations,*

and, consequently, would compete with each other for workmen, whose wages would rise, as a matter of course. The attempt to raise wages, under other circumstances, is sure to fail, however cleverly the combination sets about the business. If the masters made more than the ordinary profits, they would as assuredly be tempted to extend their operations, as a heavy body is sure to descend. If they do not make more than the ordinary profits, they will not allow themselves to be compelled to make less by combination.

A great deal of nonsense has been said and written on the mischievous effects produced by the repeal of the combination-laws. The combination-laws were just as inoperative to enable the masters to lower wages, when profits rose, as the present state of the law is to enable the workmen to raise their wages beyond what is compatible with the ordinary profits of the masters, or to prevent the masters from lowering wages, when their profits fall below the ordinary rate. The combination-laws were mischievous, in so far as they put it into the heads of the workmen, that they were the cause of their not receiving higher wages. They did not prevent combinations. All trades were in a perpetual combination, from the delusion alluded to. The present struggle will teach the workmen the extent of their power, and will, therefore, be productive, ultimately, of a good which will more than compensate for the passing inconvenience. After this battle, we look forward to much greater concord between masters and men than ever before prevailed.

As to our foreign trade being endangered by combinations, this we treat very lightly. *Masters cannot raise their prices arbitrarily; on the contrary, the prices they receive determine the wages they give to their workmen. If they could have raised their prices at will, they would not have stood out against their workmen, because no man likes to be niggardly when the liberality is at the cost of another.* Neither do we entertain any apprehension of servile wars. The English workmen are the least likely of all workmen in the world to conceive such a design as the one in question. The very means by which they have been enabled to combine, are derived from employment. A combination which should even include any very large proportion of the working-people of the country, is a contradiction in terms; for, that which is supported by labour, on the cessation of labour must cease also to be supported. The state of society in England is too complicated,—all classes are too much dove-tailed into each other, to allow us to entertain the least apprehension of any rising of one part against another.

* * The value of skill and labour is becoming every day more obvious. It is not wonderful, that they should seek their reward. The present struggle will do good.—EDITOR OF THE SPIRIT OF THE TIMES *.

CASE OF THE ALMORAH.

(From The Times.)

The seizure of this vessel at Sydney, New South Wales, by the officers of his majesty's ship *Slaney*, for an alleged infraction of the East India Company's charter, has become a subject of great interest with the commercial world generally, who look with much solicitude for the decision of this question, which has been referred to the prize courts of Calcutta. We have been desired, therefore, to make public the following statement of the occurrence, as the most accurate which has yet appeared, and which is taken from the *Sydney Gazette* of the 24th of February:—

Since the arrival of the *Almorah*, the public attention has been seriously arrested. This vessel, with a considerable quantity of dollars on board, and all her fine and valuable cargo, has been seized by captain Mitchell, of his majesty's ship *Slaney*. Some reports go to estimate the value of the ship and cargo at between 30,000*l.* and 40,000*l.* The capture is said to have occurred under a breach of the navi-

* The *News* has the following statement, as to facts.—We learn from a morning paper of yesterday, that, on Monday last, at a meeting of the Shipwright's Provident Union, *five* shipbuilders were regularly proscribed. No workmen are at present suffered to take employment with either of the following houses:—Fletcher, Son, and Fearnell; Messrs. Pichers; King and Edgar; Curling, Young, and Co.; and Dowson. With respect to these five proprietors, the whole body of workmen are put positively under an interdict. They are not permitted to work for them upon any application, or on any terms. *Four* of the best of Messrs. Fletcher and Co.'s men expressed themselves extremely willing to continue in their employ, being quite satisfied with their wages; *seven* others likewise declared themselves ready to join with the above; but *two* of the committee-men interposed, and bid them, at their peril, to remain in the service of these proprietors; and so alarmed were these men by this warning threat, and so much did they dread the consequence of disregarding it, that they immediately retracted their offer, and retired from their employ. Now, inclined as we are, from feeling, in most cases, to take part with the workmen, we hesitate not to assert, that such conduct as the above can only tend ultimately to the interposition of government, and the consequent ruin of the men. The law, we conceive, should render a workman wholly independent of his employer. He should ever have the power of saying to him, after completing the work in hand, "Give me more wages, or I leave your service"—but, surely, the same exercise of will should be allowed to the master; and because he either will not or cannot give the man more wages, he must not be ruined by being deprived by threats of those workmen who are willing to remain with him. Where the "Unions" proceed thus far, every impartial man must condemn them.

gallon-laws, which is alleged to originate in an infringement on the East India Company's charter. That the East India Company have "the sole and exclusive right of trading and using the business of merchandise in, to, and from the dominions of the emperor of China, and the whole, sole, and exclusive right of trading in tea, in, to, and from all islands, parts, and places between the Cape of Good Hope and the Straits of Magellan, &c.," is a fact with which we are necessarily acquainted; but that the East India Company, or even a British man-of-war, has any right to interfere in the trade of a foreign port, is quite novel doctrine. Whilst the second section of the charter gives the Company the exclusive trade with China, the eighth section runs as follows:—"It shall not be lawful for any person, save only the United Company, or such as shall obtain their special leave and licence in writing, or a special leave and licence in writing under their authority, for that purpose, to ship, carry, or put on board any ship in the East Indies, or other parts within the limits aforesaid, or to import into the said United Kingdom (Great Britain) from any port or place whatever, any tea."

We should be glad to any one that can inform us whether the Almorah, in this instance, has imported tea into the United Kingdom? It is the legality of a seizure made by a British man-of-war, in a British port, of a British merchant-ship, chartered expressly for the British government by a British governor, that we are imperiously called upon to dispute. If the act or the will of the captain of a man-of-war is to be opposed at any and every opportunity to the act and will of the governor of the country in which his vessel may perchance be lying, then it would be equally as reasonable in the commander of the king's ship to come on shore, with his crew and a file of marines, and become at once invested with the executive authority. The vessel being chartered by the government, and put in possession of a king's officer, must be held by every thinking man to be *bond fide* equal to any ship bearing the "leave or licence" of the East India Company. But let us see, however, how far this said eighth section has been violated. "It is not lawful for any person to ship, carry, or put on board any ship in the East Indies, any tea." The absurdity of such a clause must be obvious to the most shallow understanding, if it is to be received in an indefinite sense. In the event of this clause obtaining universal sanction, it must follow that the British parliament has the power of shutting up all foreign ports, in those halcyon days, even to its own distressed governments. This would be profound

legislation with a vengeance! The civil law, thanks be to the wisdom and energy of our forefathers, assumes to itself the precedence of the military and maritime laws—these must bow to the sovereign dictum of our civil code. We have no hesitation, therefore, in rendering public the enunciation, that captain Mitchell had no power to make any prize of the Almorah, neither can he be warranted in retaining possession, within the heads of Port Jackson. There might have been a glimpse of a successful issue in a legal contest, had the Slaney fallen in with the Almorah at sea; but the supposition must not for a moment be fostered, that that which would constitute a lawful prize at sea, must necessarily become a rightful seizure in port.

* * This colony has been a healthy and vigorous one even from its beginnings. Its first struggle with the mother country will be proportionally early.—EDITOR OF THE SPIRIT OF THE TIMES.

V. SPIRIT OF THE WEEKLY PAPERS.

MR. R. MARTIN AND THE PRESS.

(From *The News of Literature and Fashion*.)

Our old friend, Mr. Martin, has, we perceive, been displaying his oratorical powers with great unction and *gusto* before sir Richard Birnie at Bow-street. He complains bitterly of Mr. Black of the Chronicle, and Mr. Blackwood of the Magazine, for having inserted sundry malevolent attacks on his character and motives, amounting even to an actual recommendation to the highly respectable members of society who fall under the worthy member's *lusk* to assassinate him!

Now, we should think, there cannot be two opinions extant (save amongst the *gentlemen* before alluded to) as to the laudable nature of Mr. Martin's general exertions. He is unquestionably entitled to the thanks of society for having instituted a law, by means of which the inhuman drover, and still more inhuman driver, are checked in their brutal and vindictive proceedings. But the thing which has struck many people, and ourselves among the rest, as fair subject for suspicion is, that Mr. Martin, having instituted this enactment, and avowedly devoted his time and attention to the enforcing its fulfilment, is extremely likely to overstep the fair boundary, partly from a feeling that it is *incumbent* on him to show that there was a necessity for his edict, and partly from the *very circumstance* of his time and thoughts dwelling so perpetually on the same topic. Every body knows the power of imagination over even the strongest minds: and we are afraid that those who read the extraordinary, though certainly not unamusing, speech in question, will scarcely feel disposed to include the worthy

M. P. in that *genre*. But let us take a closer peep at it.

Mr. Martin accuses Mr. Clement and Mr. Black of "publishing a series of libels reflecting in a high degree upon his character as a man, a gentleman, and a legislator. Any abuse," says he, "which this journal may choose to heap upon me, I am aware can do me no harm!—it falls, I may truly say, like the *dew-drop upon the lion's mane!* 'tis shook into air!!!" Bravo! bravissimo! Mr. M.! Why, Cicero, after this, will surely never be quoted again.* But the admiring reader will shortly find that our eloquent hero threatens the Morning Chronicle, proprietor, editor, men of the press, pressmen, nay, *devils* themselves, with damnation, if they continue to write squibs about his asinine propensities. "If the Morning Chronicle continues its virulence against me, the proprietor will in no very long time find that the 40,000*l.*, which he says (how truly, God only knows) he gave for the Chronicle has been thrown away, and that forty pence is 3*s.* 4*d.* more than it will be worth." Here we find Richard tuning another key, and affecting to be jocose; but we are compelled to observe, that he is by no means so happy in this department, although his merriment very closely resembles the sprawling and floundering attempts of the respectable animal he claims alliance with. Of the Morning Chronicle we know little or nothing. It was read when poor Perry was living, and drew about his hospitable board the *savans* and the *hommes d'esprit* of the opposite faction. But he is *mort*, as the French say, or, as we have it, *no more*; and his mantle certainly has not been caught by the existing authorities of Mr. Clement's office. A glance over one or two numbers will suffice to show that the wits of Whiggery no longer regard the Chronicle as the organ of their jokes and sarcasms; and if it sinks, it will sink under the weight of its own articles. But our orator is mistaken in supposing that any squibs upon him, Richard Martin, esq., M. P., whether good-natured or otherwise, will be sufficient to produce this consummation.

The germ of the matter, however, is yet to come. "The greatest is behind!" After noticing an article in *Blackwood's Magazine*, Mr. Martin expresses himself thus: "Now, this article is not confined to mere abuse; it does not merely hold me up to public ridicule; but, your worship,—and, perhaps, *you will scarcely believe such a thing*,—it contains an at-

tempt to excite and stir up a certain description of persons to commit the crime of assassination! And this, please your worship, is not an indirect attempt; the exhortation is not put hyperbolically; the article does not say, as a man might in mere figure, 'Hoot him out of society,' or 'tear him in pieces,' or 'exterminate him!' but goes at once plainly and undisguisedly to say, 'Why don't you kill him?'" which words Mr. Martin repeated thrice over, in a subdued tone. "I should tell your worship, however, that the Chronicle—(and I cannot help admiring its moderation!)—does not actually insert this murderous, this atrocious paragraph throughout, but stops short, and says, 'the rest is too terrible for us to trust in our columns!'" Now, can it be possible that Mr. Martin does not see through this double joke, first of Blackwood, and then of Black?—the first, a publication notorious for its *dam* and *rallery*, and the latter desirous to engraft on the seriousness of his own paper a banter originating with the men of the north. Does he really suffer himself to be haunted by such *spectra* as old Christopher edging on a brawny and bare-armed, as well as *barefaced*, costermonger to the work of his destruction? Let him dismiss his fears, and "rest quietly o' nights." He is in little danger. We do not suppose that he or his *act*, or *actions*, are in great odour with the men of the whip and spur. But they are not likely to qualify themselves for the gallows by such an attack upon him: and, if Mr. Martin persists in his foolish prosecution of the Chronicle, he is very likely to convert the real good will, at present felt for him, into sentiments of pity for his folly, and indignation at his vindictiveness.

MONUMENT TO JOHN KNOX.

It is highly praiseworthy to the citizens of Glasgow that they should be the first to raise a monument to John Knox, father of the reformation. This monument is to be a Doric column, sixty feet high, surmounted with a colossal statue of Knox. The site fixed upon is the highest point of the Craig's park, in the vicinity of the High Church. It is exactly 191 feet above the level of Clyde, and is a solid rock to the bottom of the vale below. From this level there is a view of the city and surrounding country, which is truly grand; and the monument, on such an eminence, will be seen to great advantage in every direction for miles round, and will seem connected with St. Mungo's cathedral.

"The Scotsman"

has the following remarks on the meeting for laying the foundation of this national structure:

* A question, however, arises hereupon. If the articles in Mr. Clement's paper are so purely innocent and ineffective, what ground has Mr. Martin for complaint? They should have moved his laughter rather than his passion.

"The speeches on this occasion were respectable, especially that of Dr. Gill, at the close of the Masonic ceremony. Still we think justice was not done to Knox, whose spirit, while it happily exemplified the *perfidium ingenium* of his countrymen, combined a degree of firm rectitude, moral energy, and intellectual power, which lifts him immeasurably above his contemporaries, and makes him by far the most spotless, elevated, and truly great character to be found in Scottish history. There is a passage in Robertson, relating to Knox, which we never could read without a feeling of exultation. When the lords of the congregation, in 1559, found it indispensable to set aside Mary of Guise, the regent, they consulted the leaders of the church. Knox and Willox, says the historian, appeared for the whole order, and pronounced, without hesitation, both from the precepts and examples in Scripture, that it was lawful for subjects not only to resist tyrannical princes, but to deprive them of that authority which in their hands becomes an instrument for destroying those whom the Almighty ordained them to protect. The treatises of Languet, Hottoman, Beza, and Buchanan, which laid down the doctrine of resistance more or less distinctly, did not appear for many years after the period we are speaking of. At Runnymede, indeed, and elsewhere, the principle had been acted upon long before; but we believe we may say with truth, that it is to Knox we owe its first public recognition in a deliberative assembly in the modern world. We are proud to think that our country, then deemed an obscure corner of Europe, was the theatre of so illustrious an event. On the day when this solemn decision was pronounced, it may be truly said, that the age made a great step in advance, and that a vast object was gained for the highest interests of mankind. One strange oversight seems to have been committed by the managers of the feast. Will it be believed, that while parliament-men, and bailies, and craftsmen of various *grades*, were honoured with toasts, the name of Dr. McCrie, the faithful biographer of Knox—the vindicator of his fame—and whose work has done more for his memory than fifty sculptured columns can do—was forgotten? We cannot suppose for a moment that the omission could arise from jealousy or malice prepense; but how it really has originated passes our comprehension."

NEW LOST AND FOUND OFFICE.

(From *The News of Literature and Fashion*.)

Most of our readers must have been annoyed as they walked along the streets for the last few days, by the sight of a huge bill, about the size of the Map of the World lately published by order of the

board of ordnance, which announces, in letters of which the height of our page gives but a faint idea, the projected establishment of an office for things

LOST AND FOUND,

NEXT OF KIN, &c. &c. &c.

The plan of the institution is simply this: all articles found are to be brought to the office; all notices of such "next of kin" as are likely to leave fortunes and no children behind them; and descriptions of all such matters as are missing. We have been favoured with a few extracts from the books of the projectors of the "Lost and Found, and Next of Kin" office, from which we beg to submit to our readers the following:

Lost—Sir Richard Birnie's temper, in a late conversation with Mr. Gamble, and a still later affray with two newspaper reporters.

Lost—Mr. Kean. This announcement, it is said, was sent to the office by the tragedian: it could not have been sent by a more appropriate person, for certainly Mr. Kean has *lost himself*.

Lost—Mr. Young. *Do not* apply to Mr. Charles Kemble of the Theatre-royal, Covent-garden.

Lost—M. Garcia, mademoiselle Garcia, and most of the opera singers. For their present residence, apply to Mr. Price, the Yankee manager.

Lost—A husband and child. The husband is a *noble fellow*: the child was lost at Portsmouth. Apply to miss Love.

Lost—The character of Mr. Wellesley Long Pole. Whoever finds it will receive a promissory-note for five francs, signed by Mr. W. Pole, and indorsed by Beau Brummell, payable in the *Rue Royale*, at Calais. As the said character can be borne by no one but the owner, no higher reward will be offered.

Lost—Miss Paton. Whoever will bring her back to a disconsolate public, shall receive lady William Lennox in return.

Lost—A very large sum by the last opera season. For particulars inquire of Mr. Ebers, the proprietor, or at the treasury.

The articles announced as *found*, are no less curious.

Found—Mrs. Bunn and colonel Berkeley, in the interior of a carriage, while the lady's husband sported the *dickey*.*

Found—A huge beard and pair of whiskers. The beard is suspected to belong to lord Harborough—the whiskers may be lord Petersham's; unless, indeed, the whole of the property belongs to a certain long and foolish nobleman, who is chiefly remarkable for wearing a blue jacket lined

* In Mr. Adolphus's late attack on Mr. Martin, he says, that, in Essex, a certain long-eared animal is called a *dickey*. We hope our correspondent makes no allusion of this kind.—Ed.

with scarlet silk, and for courageously attacking old watchmen.

Found—By Messrs. Terry and Yates, money enough to open the Adelphi theatre on the 10th instant, with a very indifferent company. For particulars, see their bill.

Found—By Mr. Charles Wright, of the Opera Colonnade, a substitute for Champagne, which he sells at the moderate rate of gooseberry wine.

Found—By Mr. Poole, a tolerable comedy, called *Paul Pry*. For the original owner, apply in Paris.

We are sorry our limits prevent us from giving many of the announcements of "next of kin." The following, however, caught our eye:

Wanted—the next of kin of Mrs. Coutts. If they do not answer this advertisement before Mrs. C. is married to the duke of St. Alban's, they will lose the benefit of this notice, and will not be pensioned off, as her property will entirely, of course, pass into the hands of his grace, who is just twenty-five. E. G. L.

GREECE.

(From The News.)

In our last number, we alluded to the offer which the Greek government had made, to place themselves under the supreme protection of the British crown. This offer, we have good reason to believe, *will be declined*; and we are sorry to be compelled to add, that the remonstrances of the Turkish Divan have been suffered very materially to influence this determination.* In any other case we might smile at the idea of a government so weak and contemptible as that of Turkey bullying the British ministry; but the respect and devotion to Legitimacy, which are professed by the ultra portion of our cabinet, would, we fancy, carry them (if they had their unrestrained will), much further than the refusal of the offer the Greeks have made us. It seems that the Turks cannot comprehend that our constitution permits British subjects to assist foreign states, without at all affecting the neutrality professed by the nation. Every aid, therefore, afforded by British individuals to the Greeks, they impute to the bad faith of ministers—their stupid heads not taking into consideration that these seeming infractions of neutrality are capable of being turned to their advantage, as well as to that of the Greeks. Influenced by these feelings, we learn that the ministers of the Sultan have made use of the most violent language to Mr. Turner, our *charge-d'affaires* at Constantinople; even so far as to threaten reprisals on the English, if the governor of the

Ionian isles (sir F. Adam) admiral Neale, and commodore Hamilton, the two principal naval officers on that station, are not immediately recalled. Under these circumstances, it has been deemed prudent, on the part of our government, to try to mollify the Turk:—the Greeks are therefore to be left to their own resources—professions of the strictest neutrality are to be made;—and it is even added, that lord Cochrane will be prevented from proceeding in the expedition he had planned. The Greeks, we are happy to learn, have been so successful in some late actions with their enemies, that a strict neutrality on the part of foreign governments would be no loss to them; but they fear, and with reason, that this "strict neutrality" will only be observed towards one of the parties. If our cabinet resolves on neutrality, we trust it will be acted upon in good faith: and that no more vessels laden with ammunition and arms will be allowed to clear from the custom-house to aid the Egyptian army now invading Greece.

BRAZIL.

(From The Sunday Times.)

Sir Charles Stuart's embassy to Rio de Janeiro appears to us of a most extraordinary character. Its object seems to be to restore to Portugal, by a *trait de plume*, all that she lost by the sword; to swindle, by the aid of Don Pedro and his Mulatto minister, Brazil out of her independence; to smuggle some Portuguese troops to these shores, and throw this vast empire, once more, under the degrading tutelage of Lisbon. All this is to be done by a treaty, to which the Brazilians, or their representatives, are no parties; on which the sense of the provinces is not taken; but which is secretly hatched between the British envoy, the *faithful* Don Pedro, and the trio of perfidious expectants, who are his present ministers. Since the flight of Madeira from Bahia, Brazil has been absolutely free—as free of Portugal as the United States of England. Yet, the feeble Don John is now to start up emperor of Brazil, while his *dutiful* son resigns the mock title of "perpetual defender;" a title of as much reality as our "defender of the faith;" and under the shallow pretext that all differences are settled, and Brazil has now no separate rights to defend, Don Pedro modestly exchanges his "defensership" for the lesser title of "emperor regent," and Brazil again becomes a colony of Portugal.—But as a compensation for all this, Don John graciously acknowledges the independence of an empire, where for years he has not had a foot of ground or a solitary adherent, but a few traitors. He grants her a separate legislative assembly, which has long existed in despite of him; and for these mighty concessions the Bra-

* The writer forgets that stronger reasons must have influenced this decision—Russia, Austria, France!—EDITOR OF THE SPIRIT OF THE TIMES.

zilians are to surrender their liberty, to restrict their trade, to give a monopoly to the wretched wines and salt of Portugal, to exclude the generous vintage of France, Spain, Italy, and the Rhine, and swallow the mixture of brandy and benecaris kindly sent them from Oporto. This is all very fine and showy on paper. But will the Brazilians sanction such a treaty? Will they surrender their independence at the beck of a perfidious despot and his satellites? Is Don Pedro absolute in Brazil, that he can sell its people to foreign slavery by a scroll of parchment? Will the provinces, or their deputies, sanction such an act? Or, for what have the Brazilians so long fought and struggled?—The Brazilian emperor has long been manœuvring and hedging, but the game is likely to be up sooner than he calculates. This last act must rouse domestic hatred against him, while his aggressions have armed the surrounding states. He has already drawn the sword against the Buenos Ayreans in the “Banda Oriental,” and the unprincipled seizure of the province of Chiquitos has provoked hostility with Peru. The government of La Plata has acted with energy, and opposed force to force; and the victorious Sucre will not shrink from the combat on the other side. How long can Don Pedro keep his throne amid domestic revolt and foreign hostility? The republics of South America have made common cause. They look with jealous eyes on this single monarchy, and will use every means to undermine it. If the forces of Buenos Ayres and Colombia enter Brazil, will Don Pedro's subjects adhere to him? Or is not that great country likely to follow with the general tide, and settle into a republic? What then becomes of sir Charles Stuart's diplomacy, with his five secretaries? His treaty will vanish into “thin air.” Mr. Canning's policy on this occasion is most mysterious to us. He has recognised the republican states of South America. And was not Brazil full as free? If the argument of expediency was good in one case, did it not equally apply in the other? Why should a partiality be shown to Portugal that would not be shown to Spain? We have acknowledged Mexico and Colombia, and we try to enslave Brazil.*

The bayonets of the free republics encircle Brazil; and the storm is gathering round the despot both from the South and West. It will burst on him like a thunder-peal, shaking his throne to its foundations, and the parchment of slavery will crumble in his hands, and leave not a trace behind. Nature has never intended Brazil to be a colony of wretched Portu-

gal; and she will complete her proper destiny.

MR. GRAHAM TO MISS DAWSON IN THE CLOUDS.

(From *The News of Literature and Fashion*.)

“Mr. Graham now handed Miss Dawson to the car, and in a few minutes the aeronaut and his accomplished and beautiful fellow-voyager were lost to the gaze of the admiring multitude.”—*Kendall Paper*.

“Here we go up, up, up,—
And now we go down, down, down;—
Now we go backward and forward,
And heigh! for London town!”
Dean Swift.

Who says the moon is made of cheese?

The sky a sheet of paper?

The little stars so many pens—

The sun a mere gas & taper?

That all the clouds are chimney-smoke,

The sun's attraction draws on?

'Tis clear as noon, that's all a joke

To you and me, Miss Dawson.

The secrets of the sky are ours—

The heaven is opening o'er us—

The region of the thunder-showers

Is spreading wide before us.

How pleasant from this fleecy cloud,

To look on ancient places,

And peer upon the pigmy crowd

Of upstart'd gaping faces!

Oh what a place were this for love!

Nay, never start, I pray;

Suppose our hearts could jointly move,

And in a lawful way,

Like Ixion, I should scorn the crowds

Of earthly beauties, to know,

And love a lady in the clouds—

And you should be my Juno.

Speed higher yet—throw out more sand—

We're not the last who'll rise,

By scattering with lavish hand,

Dust in our neighbour's eyes.

Away! away! the clouds divide—

Hish! what a freezing's here!—

And now we thread the mist-hill's side,

And now the heavens appear.

“How blest!” (so Tommy Moore might sing)

“Did worldly love not blind us,

“Could we to yon bright cloud but wing,

“And leave this earth behind us:

“There fed on sunshine—safe from woe—

“We'd live and love together!”

Ah! you and I, Miss Dawson, know,

Here's devilish cool weather.

Suppose some future act made void

And lawless Greta marriages,

The snuff-man joiner's trade destroy'd,

And nullified post-carriages:

What think you if a Greta here,

With post-balloons, were given?

Such marriages (we all could swear),

At least, were made in Heaven.

How small, Miss Dawson, from the sky,

Appears that man below—

The triton of the nabbing fry,

The saddler-king of Bow!

A fig for Dogberry, say we!

For leathern bench and “watchus!”

A fig for law! I'd like to see

What Bishop here could catch us?

Suppose we smash the stars for fun?

Have with the larks a lark?

Or hang a cloak upon the sun,

And leave the world all dark?

* The answer is plain.—Mr. Canning prefers Brazil's being a sort of British colony (as under Portugal she must be), to her being a republic.—
EDITOR OF THE SPIRIT OF THE TIMES.

* It will be recollected, that this was actually asserted a short time since, by a celebrated professional gentleman.

Or upward still pursue our flight,
Leave that dull world at rest,
And into Eden peep—and fright
The banquet of the best?

Whiz! whiz! the fatal word is spoke—
The sprites are round our car—
Our gas is spent—our plume broke,
And, like a shooting star,
Down, down we glide—the clouds divide—
The clouds close o'er our head—
Now, safe and sound, we touch the ground,
And now—we go to bed.

VI. SPIRIT OF THE MONTHLY MAGAZINES.

[Omitted till our next Number, on account of the great length of our Illustrated and Leading Articles.]

VII. [There are this Week no QUARTERLY REVIEWS.]

VII. MISCELLANEOUS ANECDOTES, JEUX D'ESPRIT, ETC.

(From "The News of Literature and Fashion," &c.)

The following toast was given at the first East Indians' Club Dinner at Calcutta:—"May all inequitable and uncharitable restrictions be speedily removed; and may all British subjects every where be admitted to the attainment of equal privileges."

At a late *conversazione* party, not a hundred miles from St. James's-square, it was asked by a certain literary Baronet, "what does Mr. Southey mean by 'the wise and the good,' so often spoken of in the *Quarterly Review*?" "What he means now," answered another, "I cannot tell; but his meaning may perhaps be inferred from his account of the hypocrisy of the Spanish Monks in the first edition of his Letters from Spain and Portugal, where he says—'In this country there is no medium between martyrdom and hypocrisy, and it is *wiser and better* to live a knave than to die a fool.'"

Some egregious specimens of the phraseology of the affected and cold-blooded Castlereagh are fresh in the public recollection; such, for instance, as the "fundamental features," "standing prostrate," and people "turning their backs on themselves." A friend lately told us of two phrases, equally characteristic, which we believe were never reported in the journals, although delivered in parliament; at least, we never saw or heard of them in print. In a debate in the house of commons, our friend heard the late minister describe some opposition argument as "the most *barsfaced* trap" he had ever seen in his life. Again, he heard his lordship boast that he was not so simple as to "*swallow the view* of gentlemen opposite." These flowers of oratory were strewed in St. Stephen's at the commencement of the session, November 1819.

TRU

It is not generally known that baron Rothschild can hardly write his own name. The great man's signature to a check is not to be deciphered, except by those who may be acquainted with the scrawl meant for a name. And yet that individual's niece is said to have had a million the other day for her portion on her marriage, with two millions to follow at fixed periods!

Wedding.—A tragic-comic meeting, compounded of favors, footmen, faintings, farewells, prayers, parsons, plum-cake, rings, refreshments, bottles, blubberings, God-bless-ye's, and gallings away in a post-chaise and four!

"Men of all professions, including even the most loose and libertine, have obtained a place in our calendar of canonization," says the abbé Furetière, "except the attorney; there is not a single saint of that description to be found." Is not this a compliment to the profession?

A new chemical discovery, the utility of which is about to be proved on a large scale, is to make Burgundy wine sparkle like Champagne. Immense vintages of this year have been purchased to make a Champagne of Burgundy. This, we apprehend, is not very difficult. We have already St. Peray, and Arbois, which rival Champagne, and why not Burgundy? A finer vintage could not have been chosen for the experiment, as the wines this year promise to be better than those of 1811, or the comet; but the quantity will be very small.

Caricatures and authors have laboured to exhibit the contrast between the jolly figure of a certain worthy baronet and the living skeleton; but after all, there is much greater similarity between them than is thereby implied. In one respect they are identical,—*both have their hearts in their bellies.*

The Burmese imperial state carriage, which was captured at an early period of the present sanguinary Indian war, has just reached this country, and is now preparing for exhibition at the Egyptian Hall. It is, without exception, one of the most splendid works of art that has ever been produced, presenting an entire blaze of gold, silver, and precious stones. Of the latter, the number must amount to many thousands, comprehending diamonds, rubies, sapphires, white and blue, emeralds, amethysts, garnets, topazes, cats'-eyes, crystals, &c. The carving is of a very superior description; the form and construction of the vehicle extraordinary; and the general taste displayed throughout the whole design is at once so grand and imposing, yet at the same time so chaste and refined, as to defy all rivalry even from European workmanship.

Colonel Berkeley performed at the

Cheltenham theatre, on Michaelmas Goose-day, in the character of *Othello*, for the benefit of Mrs. Bunn!! Her husband was not present. *Query*, where was the *Cake*?

Milton, being asked whether he would instruct his daughters in the different languages, replied, "No; one tongue is sufficient for a woman."

By the removal of the turnpike at Hyde-Park-corner, Piccadilly, the Grosvenor estate will be improved in value to an incalculable extent. Let any one reflect what a prodigious tract of land it is; reaching to the River Thames across the wooden bridge at Chelsea, the whole of which will be covered with superb edifices. As to the rear of Grosvenor-place, wherein Belgrave-square is to be built, our readers may judge what is calculated on, when they are told that Mr. Goding, the brewer at Knightsbridge, has been offered 16,000*l.* for one of his houses opposite the Park, and this merely for the purpose of making an opening into the new square. Belgrave-square will, we are told, be, in a few years, the court-end of London. Under this impression, it is the determination of lord Grosvenor to make this spot the vehicle of his future fame. The elevation of every house will be one story higher than any modern building, and every front to be of stone; the area to be considerable. As a proof how necessary it is to build houses on a large scale, there are now no less than thirty-two applications on the books of house agents for town residences of the size of mansions.

On Wednesday offers were made by *one party* to enter into contracts to have supplied *two millions* and a *quarter* of hard stock bricks, during the remaining portion of the present year alone, and to be paid for as delivered. The scene of operation for these millions of bricks at one order, and just to begin with, is, Belgrave-square.

In the sea-fight off Minorca in 1756, a gunner had his right hand shot away just as he was going to fire a gun; when the brave fellow taking up the match, clapped it to the touch-hole, saying, quite unconcerned, "So you thought, then, that I had but one arm!"

A pretty tolerable idea may be formed of the size and quality of the Axminster carpets laid down in the music-rooms in the Royal Pavilion at Brighton, when it is known that the gross weight of each is between sixteen and seventeen hundred pounds.

St. Crysgon is also called St. Raboni, because, according to Sauval, he has the miraculous power of improving (*rabonnir*) bad husbands. "A poor woman," says La Monnaye, in the second volume of his *Menagiana*, "undertook to perform a novenary (a nine days' adoration) to St.

Raboni, in order to procure the reformation of her husband. Four days afterwards the man died; on which she exclaimed, "How good the Saint is, to give us more than we request!"

When the duke of Orleans assumed the regency, his inflexibility in administering justice was one of the most remarkable traits in his character. A young libertine of good family had committed a most daring robbery on a stockbroker in Paris, and had attempted to murder him. He was executed, notwithstanding the exertions which were made by his relations to procure his pardon.—"The duke of Orleans (says the *marquis Dangeau*) persists in refusing to show any favour to the Count de Horn. Some persons of his family, to whom his royal highness could not avoid speaking, solicited that the count should be considered as a madman, and confined in *les Petites Maisons*; telling him, at the same time, that he had a mother and an uncle confined. The duke d'Orleans replied, that we could not too soon get rid of madmen, whose insanity led to such desperate acts; upon which the persons who were desirous of serving the count represented to him what a disgrace it would be to an illustrious family, and one allied to so many sovereigns of Europe. He answered, that the disgrace was in the crime, and not in the punishment. They pressed him still further, saying to him, 'But, sire, he has the honour to be allied to yourself even!' 'Well, gentlemen,' he replied, 'I will take my share of the disgrace with you.'"

The first employment of steam in naval warfare was unquestionably that of the *Diana* steam-vessel at Rangoon against a fleet of Burmese war-boats. The power of the steam enabled the *Diana* to manœuvre so rapidly among them, that, notwithstanding the strength and dexterity of their rowers, they could not escape; and with irresistible force she upset, demolished, sunk, disabled, and took no fewer than thirty-two. To give some notion of the impetuosity with which the *Diana* must have rushed among the enemy, it is only necessary to state, that the Burmese war-boats, though constructed in the shape of a canoe, have the length of a ship of the line. They are not less than 80 feet long, by seven broad; have 52 oars; and row six knots an hour; and carry 150 fighting-men each. Their elegance is equal to their swiftness; they are beautifully decorated; are gilt without, and painted within. A fleet of thirty-two of these boats must have had above 4000 men on board.—

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PORTRAIT OF QUEEN ADELAIDE.

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|--|---|
| Bedchamber of King George IV. | Marybone Old Church. |
| Profile of King George IV. | Gibbon in his Garden at Lausanne. |
| Procession at the Proclamation of King William IV. | Rolandseck and the Drachenfels. |
| City of Algiers. | St. Saviour's Southwark. |
| Lying-in-state of King George IV. | White's Birthplace, at Selborne. |
| Funeral Procession of King George IV. | Low Hill Cemetery, Liverpool. |
| Dining Room at Windsor Castle. | St. Mark's Chapel, North Audley-street. |
| St. George's Chapel, Windsor. | St. Leonard's Monastery, Stamford. |
| Canopy over the Royal Vault. | Sion. |
| Candelabra used at the Funeral of the late King. | Benares. |
| Old Vauxhall Gardens. | Coxwold, Yorkshire. |
| Alnwick Castle. | Traitor's Gate, Tower of London. |
| Ancient Vault, Southwark. | Temples of Præstum. |
| St. Leonard's, near Hastings. | Monmouth House, Soho-square. |
| Hôtel de Ville, Paris. | Brougham Castle. |
| Lullworth Castle, Dorset. | Chapel in ditto. |
| St. Mary's Church, Greenwich. | Council Chamber of King Henry VIII. |
| Thornhill Obelisk. | Woodstock Park, Remains of. |
| Palais Royal, Paris. | Salmon's Wax Work. |
| | St. Mark's Church, Venice. |
| | Magna Charta Island. |

